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ART. I. — *Life of Joseph Brant, — Thayendanegea: including the Border Wars of the American Revolution, and Sketches of the Indian Campaigns of Generals Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne, and other matters connected with the Indian relations of the United States and Great Britain, from the Peace of 1783 to the Indian Peace of 1795.*
By WILLIAM L. STONE. New York: A. V. Blake & Co. 1838.

A CRITIC, disposed to be captious, might possibly suggest an amendment in the ample description of Mr. Stone's volumes cited above in the form of a title. He would surmise, even before reading them, that they might, with quite equal propriety, have been called a History including a Life, or a Life including a History. Nor can we predict that the force of this stricture would be abated after an examination of the contents of the work, so comparatively subordinate a share of his space has the author suffered his hero to occupy. During the whole of some chapters, and those not remarkable for laconicism, Brant never makes his appearance, even to be once named. Indeed, this arrangement is honestly avowed in the Introduction, where we are told that, in 1832, the design, "enlarged by reflection and research, now began to comprehend a history of the Six Nations, &c.; the settlement of the country by the pale faces; a history of the French War, so far as that memorable contest was connected with the Indians and colony of New York; — together, or rather blended with, the lives of Sir William John-

son and Joseph Brant." This plan appears to have been closely prosecuted, apparently making the Indian Chieftain (so far as this prospectus at least is concerned,) by no means sole monarch over the ground of the narrative, but rather a joint-possessor, with another personage who is ranked before him, of the biographical department allotted to the two, — a sort of Indian Reservation, — in a work which is mainly historical and general, instead of either personal or local, after all. Subsequently, in the Introduction, it is stated that the work embraces two epochs, implying respective divisions; the one "the early history referred to, with a history of the French War and the country to the death of Sir William Johnson," — at which period Brant barely makes his appearance; and the other "the Life of Brant, and the Revolutionary, Indian, and Tory wars of the northern and western part of the state of New York." And again, "It has been the object of the author to render it not only a local, but, to a certain extent, a brief general history of the war of the Revolution;" in other words, "*a particular history, ample in its details, of the belligerent events occurring at the west of Albany,*" with "*birds-eye glimpses of all the principal military operations of the whole contest.*" Such is the author's description of the work he entitles the Life of Brant.

But whatever may be said of the strict application of this title to such a composition, that question has nothing to do with the more important one which relates to the merits of the composition itself. Of these we believe but one general opinion has been, or can be, pronounced, — that it is one of the most valuable and the most interesting of the contributions ever made to American Annals. This is high praise, we know, but it is not unadvisedly uttered, as we may have some occasion to show. Neither is it bestowed irrespective of the faults of the work, or of what are sometimes considered to be such. We bear in mind, for example, the complaints which the reviewers generally have made of its miscellaneous and voluminous character, as above described. This criticism, however, does not seem to us very profound. It amounts to little more than a criticism on the wording of the title, (as we have hinted already,) not on the merits of the work. The complaint is not, that the Life of Brant is not, as we have called it, a valuable and an interesting book, but that it was not, and is not, truly described by the author; that it holds out what a lawyer would

call "false pretences," though we by no means intend to intimate furthermore, in like style, that he was instigated thereto by any malice aforethought or felonious intent. The plea is one in amendment, not in abatement of the writ. No one objects to the *History of the Border Wars of and before the Revolution*; no one to the running accompaniment to the *Life* in question of these "bird's-eye glimpses" over the field of the general contest. The latter, in our opinion, was mainly indispensable. The former, on the other hand, is subservient in so remarkable a degree to the complete appreciation and lively enjoyment of the biographical portion of the work, that no liberal reader, we think, would be willing either to lose the benefit and interest of it altogether, or to be compelled to resort to a separate composition for what is now so important a part of this.

Such, at least, must be the general impression. It is not pretended that the author has perfectly succeeded in the execution of this design. It would be extraordinary, indeed, if, with so vast a mass of material as he has brought together and wrought over in this scheme, — so heterogeneous — much of it so original, — he should leave no room for just strictures on the admission or the arrangement of his details. Obvious improvements in these respects doubtless remain to be made; so obvious that the author would hardly thank us for pointing them out. None of them, however, appear to us very important, after all. Perhaps the greatest error has been the introduction of too great a quantity of old Indian speeches, without so severe a regard to their intrinsic interest or correlative value as might have been desired. The dullest of them, we are aware, have their worth in the historian's and the philosopher's estimation. If the work of Mr. Stone had professedly been written for such readers alone, or chiefly, the criticism in question would probably never have been made. The error, in fact, would not have existed. It is, in other words, an error merely in reference to the success, the popularity, of the book. The great majority of its readers, we apprehend, will turn over the leaves comprising these speeches, as they would those comprising a multitude of more modern, and perhaps more civilized ones, which we wot of; whereas, there is no doubt, Mr. Stone, like the orators referred to, intended that the speeches should be read, — nay, admired, for aught we know, — exalted above all Greek, all Roman fame. The author is enthusiastic on this

head. Referring, for instance, in a note, to the great Indian Council held in 1793 at the foot of the Miami Rapids, he cries out, "What a pity that, at such a congress, *a bench of stenographers could not have been present!* What bursts of thrilling eloquence, — the unsophisticated language of nature, gathering its metaphors, fresh and glowing, from her own rich store-house, the flowers, the forests, and the floods, the sun, the stars, and the blue sky, the winds, the earthquake, and the storms, — must there have been poured forth but to die away upon the earth that heard them!"

Now, we are not wholly insensible to the philosophy of this observation, somewhat glowingly expressed as it is. We should like ourselves to have heard Brant and the Cornplanter on this very occasion. It is probable they must have said something worth remembering, in a manner worth seeing. Something of that sort is likely to occur in most great conventions of men, of whatever generic character or individual ability. Among the Indian tribes have been many such occasions, as among ourselves. We cannot think, however, that history or posterity has so strong an interest in employing a band of stenographers wherever they occur, especially if the consequence should be the publication or preservation of all the minutiae of the scene or the "talk," or of any considerable portion of it. Very much the larger part of this talk is, to speak plainly, and following the most unprejudiced authorities, intolerably stupid and tedious; as unimportant to the public or to posterity in all cases, as the ordinary daily speechifying of *caucuses* among the whites; and very much more so in many. Such men as Cornplanter, or Brant, or Cornstalk, or Logan, or Red Jacket, may, now and then, say something characteristic, curious, or even striking, on such an occasion; but the peculiarity, perhaps the merit, of this consists, we should say, in its utter simplicity, its perfect literal plainness, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred; and as for the others, the great majority of speakers, the Messrs. "*Cat's Eyes*," and "*Carry-one-about*," we should as soon think of employing a band of stenographers to preserve all that is uttered at any New England town-meeting, on the first Monday in March, as to report *their* lucubrations. It is far better, we take it, to lose the rare good things which do occur under these circumstances, than to undergo the whole, or any great part of it, or even to be put to the trouble, — which is much the same thing, — of having to ransack the whole mass of inanity and

jargon in search of the grain or two in question which *may* be worthy of notice.

Nor is there much lost in kind, any more than in quantity. As we said before, genuine Indian eloquence, their only eloquence which deserves attention as such, is essentially of one style, and that easily imagined, readily ascertained, indeed, from the specimens which have been preserved. There are some of these specimens as such, of a remarkable character, in the volumes before us ; in their way most admirable compositions. But these, we think, and others of like kind, which are elsewhere to be found, are sufficient for the purposes they subserve. We are content to leave the rest to imagination, or to estimate, as we can so safely, the unknown by the specimens we have. Such, for aught we know, was our author's design in preserving so many of these long, rigmarole speeches, as well as so many that are worth preserving. Nothing was more natural than that his enthusiasm should deceive him for the moment. One of the chief characteristics of his work, in our eyes almost its first merit, and that a very rare and high one, is his *partiality*, we were going to say, for the Indians ; his *impartiality*, however, we mean ; but the course of history and of literature at large, the tone of public sentiment too generally among us, has been so perverse on this subject so long, that strict justice itself to the Indians has come to be regarded not only as a virtue, but as something more, — a generosity, a grace ; — or, on the other hand, perhaps, an evidence of a somewhat romantic sensibility, — an amiable weakness, — a feeling more to be watched and warned against, however, than trusted in, far less admired. Now we know of no American historian who has shown more of this weakness than Mr. Stone, — the determination, cost what it might, to give the Indians fair play. This weakness may be called, without much of a blunder, his *forte*. It has given him strength, at all events, to achieve a mighty reform in our Indian annals, — an Herculean purgation, unrivalled since the days of the Augean stable. Other writers have discovered a just feeling on the subject, especially within a few years ; and these writers, Irving and Bancroft for example, have said and done something, not a little, to purify public opinion in regard to it. For this they deserve praise. Mr. Stone, on the same principle, deserves much more. He has taken hold of this work, not incidentally, nor sentimentally. He has not contented himself with a general expression, or even exertion, on behalf of the

red men, any more than with merely abstaining from abusing them, as others have done before. To do them absolute, accurate, ample justice, this was his aim. This was, more than anything else, the *gist* of the whole of his laborious enterprise. In the prosecution of it nothing has discouraged him. The labor, to say nothing of the odium, was prodigious; but his spirit is unflinching to the last. What wonder, if, under these circumstances, in the course of the discoveries the plan led to, and of the reflections they occasioned, a little more than just enough of the true historical ardor, which alone could impel any man through such an enterprise, should have been sometimes excited, — if the enthusiasm, which is not only so amiable and noble a quality in the historian in itself, but lies at the foundation of so many other of his merits, should, “much enforced, show a hasty spark” of needless flame. The cold-blooded writer, who, in the midst of the most exciting considerations, can so command himself as to defy all criticism, must be hardly worth criticising, hardly worth reading at all. The historian should not rush upon his subject, certainly, like a Quixote; but, on the other hand, he must feel, no less than think, and he must feel deeply that he *may* think, and that he may do all that his hands find to do, and do it with a spirit which only such feeling can give; — and how are we to have the face to demand of such a writer that every arrangement, every word, shall conform to the *popular* standard, or even to the *proper* one, — to everybody's taste and mood, or to those of the perfectly disinterested (that is, *uninterested*) observer? The “faultless” historian, in such a case, would be indeed a “monster.” We cannot say that the world may never produce such a one; but certainly it never has.

We make no great account, then, of this criticism on the Indian speeches. Some of them are unsurpassed, almost unequalled, by anything of the kind which has yet appeared. The rest, which are not so good, nevertheless have a comparative value, at least in the eyes of readers of a certain taste. The rest of us can easily, as we said before, turn over a few leaves at once, and escape the calamity of having to read them. We apprehend that the author himself will presently become one of these. By the time that three *more* editions of his work have been taken up, he will have acquired that coolness of judgment which is quite as necessary to good revision, as his own ardor is to glowing and graphic composition. Horace

would have had him wait for this state of mind much longer than we should be willing to have him. "Nine years" might do for a poem. For some histories it would, but not for one like this. Taken up so late as it has been, were there no other reason for something like a business energy in the publication, as well as the execution of the work, it would be found in the peculiar character of a large part of its material. Much of this, under the circumstances, may be said to want *seasoning*; but that is a process it can only undergo to advantage *in the open air*. So much of these volumes as may be called oral, traditional, conjectural, experimental in a word, must be proved. We must see how it bears examination — such examination as the public may see fit to superadd to the author's. Of this original matter, as we have intimated, there is a vast deal; few American historians, if any, have looked up as much, or as interesting. Now let it pass through the furnace of criticism, — the sooner the better. In respect to a great part of it, those, who alone are competent to criticise, are fast passing away, — the Revolutionary generation. These, too, are the authorities to be looked to for timely additions. Contributions of this kind, for his future editions, the author cannot but receive, as it is. We take the liberty, in our imagination, to regard a writer of Mr. Stone's well known enthusiasm, industry, and experience, putting forth a book of this kind, as a species of literary long-tongued ant-eater, eagerly watching for all sorts of reminiscences, making a luscious meal of them now and then, and always standing ready for any quantity more. Our historian, to do him justice, is almost at the head of these fact-gatherers, for energy and variety of collection, though we do not mean to charge him, by any means, with an indiscriminate appetite for everything of this nature that comes in his way. It is easy to see that he had, in these volumes, a huge work of selection and rejection to do. The wonder is, how even *he* has managed to call forth so clear, so connected, and so condensed a system of narrative as this is, out of a chaos like that in which he commenced his labors.

Let us render him something like justice in this matter. Pains-taking and patience are prime qualities in a historian. In an American historian they are especially needed, for ours is much of it new ground, — as it were historical *forest*. He who explores it must hew his own path-way, and encounter no small hardship at the best. And yet, must this work be done

by somebody — just as it was and is necessary that the literal wilderness, which covers a great portion of the face of the country, should be cleared away for the advancement of civilization. We look upon men like Mr. Stone as Boones or Putnams, first settlers and surveyors of the wild land of literature. The spirit, which makes men pioneers in the one case as in the other, is a spirit to which America owes a vast debt, and must owe a greater one still. When that enterprise and energy are combined with perseverance, science, system, and good sense, it is better yet. These are the men who “constitute a State,” and who are daily creating States upon this continent, as they have been creating them for two hundred years. We want authors of a corresponding hardihood, for there is still heavier drudgery for *them* to do. Witness, in illustration, this case of Brant. Speaking of the latter portion of his work, our author says so. Most of our readers, we dare say, would suppose the same. But it proved otherwise. He had to visit Canada for materials, to begin with. Fortunately he learned the existence there of a great mass of manuscripts, left by the Chieftain, including an extensive correspondence. These were finally obtained from Brant's youngest daughter, Mrs. Kerr, of Wellington Square, U. C. (a full-blooded Indian lady, of high respectability and finished education). This acquisition, however, was but a first step. These papers were nearly all connected with Brant's career subsequent to the war, and when the author came to examine them, he found — but let us hear what he says:

“That his life and actions had been intimately associated with the Indian and Canadian politics of more than twenty years after the treaty of peace; that a succession of Indian Congresses were held by the nations of the great lakes, in all which he was one of the master spirits; that he was directly or indirectly engaged in the wars between the United States and Indians from 1789 to 1795, during which the bloody campaigns of Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne took place; and that he acted an important part in the affair of the North-Western posts, so long retained by Great Britain after the treaty of peace. This discovery compelled the writer to enter upon a new and altogether unexpected field of research. Many difficulties were encountered in the composition of this branch of the work, arising from various causes and circumstances. The conflicting relations of the United States, the Indians, and the Canadians, together with the peculiar and sometimes apparently equivocal position in which the Mohawk

chief — the subject of the biography — stood in regard to them all; the more than diplomatic caution with which the British officers managed the double game which it suited their policy to play so long; the broken character of the written materials obtained by the author; and the necessity of supplying many links in the chain of events from circumstantial evidence and the unwritten records of Indian diplomacy, all combined to render the matters to be elucidated exceedingly complicated, intricate, and difficult of clear explanation." — *Introduction*, pp. xxiv, xxv.

This is what we call drudgery. It is a drudgery peculiar to history-making in this country, and such as this; — very similar, as we said before, to the drudgery of *making* the country itself. He, who reads this Introduction through, will better appreciate both our own meaning and our author's merit. If we mistake not, he will feel a little as if he were reading the Journal of Arnold's Canadian Expedition, or Washington's Virginian Surveys, or ante-Revolutionary martial forays into the wilderness of the Ohio. Our author, like those worthies, had to carry all his supplies with him, in the rude, inclement region he traversed, — or to hunt them down on his way. He had his own road to make, a road in some places where there was no soil, or where it was nearly impossible to get at what there was. All manner of aids must be levied upon all sorts of people, with a view to these necessities. The Johnson papers, to take a literal instance, were to be looked up; and, accordingly,

"A valuable manuscript volume has been procured, containing the private diary of Sir William during the Niagara campaign of 1759, in which General Prideaux fell, leaving the command of the army to the baronet." — p. xxi.

And then, in another quarter, was found

"The manuscript of Sir William's official diary for the years 1757, 1758, and a part of the year 1759, together with a small parcel of other papers and letters. A few of the baronet's letters and papers are also yet extant, in the archives of the state at Albany." — p. xxi.

This is well, and fortunate, so far; but it implies no end to the labor. Some documents are presumed to have been destroyed; but these, or others unknown, *may* be extant — somewhere. The author supposes a special visit must be made to

England, in search of them. We can testify, ourselves, to tolerably diligent researches, prosecuted with this view, among the dusty archives of some of the official departments in London; labors which those not accustomed to undergo them might have deemed but poorly rewarded, — the discovery, perhaps, of an old letter or two, between the Parent administration and the Provincial authorities, bearing more or less directly or distinctly on some not well-settled point.

Such is the American historian's work, if he does his duty. Such was Mr. Stone's. That it was or is mere drudgery altogether, we should not say; still less, if it were so, that there was no comfort to be taken in it, or reward to be had for it. *Ipsæ labor voluptas* is in no sphere of activity more applicable than in this. Of course it is understood that our historian, like the explorers of the wilderness to whom we compared him, is a *volunteer*; that he enters upon his business more as an adventure than a task; that to his vigorous and curious instincts there is something stimulating in its untrampled solitudes, its "green savannahs all bright and still," its novelty, its rudeness itself; and the more hazard and the more hardship to such a spirit, the better. Boone never pined for the civilization which he left behind him. He fled farther and farther away, when it approached him. He revelled in the gratification of a thirst for a certain excitement which belonged to his nature, a gratification which society denied him, but which nature herself supplied. The volunteer, instinctive, constitutional historian has the same satisfaction in his labors; and besides, though we fear there is not much to be said just now to advantage, in this connection, about pecuniary profit, — for our consolation, the lowest and poorest of all motives to a literary enterprise, — there is no reason, that we know of, why he, who acquits himself faithfully in this department, should be discouraged from expecting at least the full recompense which consists in a just popularity and a permanent and honorable fame. Perhaps among ourselves this remark applies to historical labors with peculiar force. The taste of our community in literature, as in everything else, is of a practical kind. The more matter of fact, the better for them; the better, of course, in one way or another, for him who supplies and gratifies the taste. We know no more enviable reputations in American literature than three of our fellow-citizens have lately acquired, or begun to acquire, in works of the description referred to. We know

of no community, neither, which has better enforced its theory of appreciation by its actual treatment of most of these works, as well as of many others. The London Courier was pleased, not long ago, to bewail the barbarism of a country where a book like Mr. Prescott's *History of Ferdinand and Isabella* could be produced without being read; but the justice of that sneer has been but ill proved by the second and third editions which that admirable composition has already gone to, voluminous and expensive as it is, and to say nothing of the comparatively distant interest of its site and subject. We have intimated that Mr. Stone's work itself, which is still more recent, has met with an equal success. The successive supplies disappearing from the booksellers' counters, it would seem more as if they were fashionable, flimsy novels than weighty and dignified volumes like these. All this is highly encouraging. The production and the circulation among us of a few standard historical works which we might name, and among which we rank the *Life of Brant*, are subjects of cordial congratulation for all of us who feel an interest in our country's true welfare and honor. Such signs, we hope, will stimulate new "volunteers" to come forward, as well as encourage the first "settlers" to proceed still farther, and achieve yet more. Most of us are a business-driving, money-making, all-excited generation, as our fathers have been, in one way or another, before us. Hence we have done a great deal, but for the same reason we have said little about it; no nation ever did more or said less. We have been too much engrossed in making the materials of history, to think of making history itself. This was a natural spirit, under the circumstances; it is so still; great results have come from it, of their kind; great credit is due to it. It may, however, be carried too far; no doubt it has been. We have neglected our historical opportunities and necessities, and are neglecting them, too much. Vast quantities of rich data have been, and are, and will be, overlooked and destroyed. Let us hope that a goodly company of such as our author may be found, to stay this process in some decent degree. Let the community, so deeply interested in their labors, more and more endeavor to rouse them to the consolatory conviction of the Roman annalist, that, as it is noble and glorious to serve one's country, so it is no trivial thing — *haud absurdum* — to record the conduct of those who have done so before us. The fighting duty, at least, of this community has, we trust, been chiefly

performed; the writing service largely remains to do. The age of the historian here, as in Rome, has succeeded the age of the hero.

We were speaking of the description of drudgery incidental to a work like Mr. Stone's; and this, we said, was not wholly unredeemed, to a mind like his, by the excitement of curiosity, adventure, discovery, and labor itself. It must be borne in mind, as an important encouragement to the pioneer historians of our country, additional to any yet alluded to, that the labor in question may always be sure of a good degree of professional success. In other countries, in most old ones of course, the material of history has been comparatively used up long since; or, at all events, preceding generations have had the handling of it to such an extent that the remains can be regarded only in the light of what the lumbermen call "*refuse stuff*." Occasionally some indefatigable antiquary, as in England, comes out, after researches which it wearies one to think of, with a few new documents of the date of Elizabeth's reign; or the original manuscript of some rather notorious work is discovered. This is well enough, so far as it goes. It is well that all the "fragments be gathered up, that nothing be lost." One of these days it will be so here. We shall exult, in like manner, over every new letter of Washington's or Franklin's, every old pensioner's journal of the French or the Revolutionary War, which shall be dragged forth from the oblivious obscurity of the antique candle-boxes and clock-cases, where they now have the honor to repose. But at present, and for a long time to come, our collectors will have it all their own way. They are traversing, as first explorers, a complete El Dorado of a region, whose soil everywhere breaks out with shining ores, and where, if labor is still indispensable, — if they must "climb the steep," — they feel that they toil the while, or may be toiling, over veins of gold and beds of jewels; and that even the next shrub, which they cling to on the crag-side, may prove like that by which the Peruvian was astonished, when the wealth of the mines of Potosi rolled out from its roots before him. This country is richer even than any other ever was in historical material. Vast as the amount of it doubtless is which has gone already to destruction and decay, the masses which remain are still more vast. The whole face of the soil is covered with them. The adventurer cannot go amiss in his search. He needs no divining-rod, no alchemy, no magic spell. The old houses of

any State in New England, to say the least, — of any county or even township in Massachusetts, we might add, — will supply him with his heart's content of employment and excitement for years. Our generation, as we said before, is too busy, too practical, to pore over these things as they deserve; but no matter; they will grow, like the Sybil's leaves, more and more precious year by year, as some portions will gradually disappear altogether, and others become more dim and difficult to interpret or decypher; and then, at length, the true time of the American antiquary will have come.

Meanwhile, however, let us rejoice and be thankful that a few such spirits as our author's are having their reward. If they must undergo drudgery, as we called it, it is no barren industry; no dull, mercenary, hopeless labor, wasted on a soil which others have already explored and exhausted, and where a scanty subsistence is the most which enthusiasm itself can look for. Let us take a case or two in point, from this Introduction. Three times, the author says, he visited the Mohawk Valley, in search of material. Now see the result:

“Ascertaining, moreover, that the venerable Major Thomas Sammons, of Johnstown, himself, with his father and two brothers, an efficient actor in the scenes of the Revolution, had for many years been collecting historical materials in that region, the author applied to him; and was so fortunate as not only to procure his collections, but to induce the old gentleman to reënter the field of inquiry. By his assistance a large body of facts and statements, taken down in writing during the last thirty years, from the lips of surviving officers and soldiers, has been obtained for the present work. These documents have added largely to the most authentic materials of history, enabling the author to bring out many new and interesting facts, and to correct divers errors in the works of preceding writers, who have superficially occupied the same ground. In addition to these, the few remaining papers of the brave old General Herkimer, who fell at Oriskany, in 1777, have been placed at the disposal of the author, by his grandson, John Herkimer, Esq.” — pp. xxi, xxii.

Then followed the Canadian discoveries mentioned above. Then access was obtained to the private papers of General Clinton, the father of Governor De Witt Clinton, and brother of Governor George Clinton. The General commanded often in the Northern Department. He conducted the celebrated

Descent of the Susquehannah, in 1779. As might be expected,

"His own letters, and those of his correspondents, have been of material assistance, not only in relation to that campaign, but upon various other points of history. It was among these papers that the letters of Walter N. Butler, respecting the affairs of Cherry Valley and Wyoming, were discovered." — pp. xxii, xxiii.

And this leads to something more :

"In connexion with the history of the expedition of Sullivan and Clinton, just referred to, the author has likewise been favored with the manuscript diary of the venerable Captain Theodosius Fowler of this city, who was an active officer during the whole campaign. In addition to the valuable memoranda contained in this diary, Capt. Fowler has preserved a drawing of the order of march adopted in ascending the Chemung, after the junction of the two armies, and also a plan of the great battle fought at Newtown by Sullivan, against the Indians and Tories commanded by Brant and Sir John Johnson." — p. xxiii.

Sometimes a temporary or partial disappointment was experienced, but the true historical perseverance prevails :

"In the winter of 1775 - '76, an expedition was conducted from Albany into Tryon County, for the purpose of disarming the Tories and arresting Sir John Johnson, of the particulars of which very little has hitherto been known. On application to the family of General Schuyler, it was ascertained that his letter books for that period were lost. After much inquiry, the necessary documents were obtained from Peter Force, Esq., at Washington." — p. xxiii.

No contribution, however apparently trifling, is neglected by such a collector as Mr. Stone. He looks up, one after another, all the surviving acquaintances of his hero, Brant. One of these is General Porter, who corresponded with him, and knew him well. Another is a Connecticut octogenarian, who

"Made a visit to Brant at the Grand River Settlement, in the summer of 1797, and remained with him several days, in the enjoyment of frequent and full conversations upon many subjects." — p. xxiii.

Professor Marsh, of Burlington College, a relative of the

Wheelock family, (who had much to do with the Brants,) furnishes several original letters ; and a New York gentleman, the same. We enumerate these successes with great satisfaction, not as being extraordinary or wonderful in themselves, (though enough so to do the author great credit,) but rather the reverse of that, — as fair illustrations of the remarks made above, on the abundance and value of our unexplored historical material in this country ; as specimens of the results which a similar enterprise, perseverance, and enthusiasm may generally be expected to attain. The following instance, which we find in the second volume, is more anomalous. We can hardly look, all of us, for discoveries like this. The author is speaking of the Battle of Durlagh, in Western New York, under date of 1781 :

“There was one very painful circumstance attending this battle. In their excursion to Currietown, the day before, Doxstader and his Indians had made nine prisoners, among whom were Jacob and Frederick Diefendorff, Jacob Myers and a son, a black boy, and four others. The moment the battle commenced, the prisoners, who were bound to standing trees for security, were tomahawked and scalped by their captors, and left as dead. The bodies of these unfortunate men were buried by Colonel Willett's troops. Fortunately, however, the graves were superficial, and the covering slight — a circumstance which enabled Jacob Diefendorff, who, though stunned and apparently dead, was yet alive, to disentomb himself. A detachment of militia, under Colonel Veeder, having repaired to the field of action after Willett had returned to Fort Rennselaer, discovered the supposed deceased on the outside of his own grave ; and he has lived to furnish the author of the present work with an account of his own burial and resurrection.” — p. 159.

Such are the labors, and such the rewards, of American historical research. There is one variety of the former, not yet alluded to distinctly, but of which something should be said, if we mean to do justice to works like this before us. No small part of the task of Mr. Stone has consisted, not in positive additions to history by the discovery and digging out of materials unknown or unnoticed before, but in doing away with long established abuses which stood in the way of both old truth and new, and of all sorts of justice besides. To resume our favorite figure, the nature of his expedition obliged him to clear up the face of the country he traversed, — a country which was a

mere wilderness, so far as his purpose was concerned, — to hew down the forest and smooth over the surface, before the real business of great exploration could commence.

This is particularly true in the Indian department of American history, which of all "wild land" is the wildest, — a complete Seminole swamp-land, bottomless, shadowy, streaked over with flitting *ignes fatui* confusions, echoing with dismal cries of savages and brutes. A great multitude of these latter have fallen before our author's prowess, who put himself manfully, like Hercules again, to the almost desperate, but quite indispensable, "labor" of making a safe, comfortable highway for all travellers through the country in question. The unkindest cut of all, in this sorry business at the best, was doubtless to encounter so many of his own race, his own countrymen, in the way, — armed, too; in arms against himself and all new comers; squatters, claiming possession and property, it might be, — possibly mere pirates, rendering no reasons for anything, and living by plundering the Indians themselves. We count Mr. Weld, the traveller, for one of the worthies in this category; and those of our readers, who refer to his monstrous accounts of the American natives, cited in these volumes, will certainly justify us for so doing. We mention him, however, merely as one of a class, a large one. He was no worse than many more, who might be named, of much greater authority. We should, by no means, charge him unadvisedly with any special malice in putting these disgusting libels on record which we refer to; he did but retail out to his English readers what American authorities, written or otherwise, could always supply him with in any quantities. American literature, still more than English of course, — American history in particular, as might be expected, — is thoroughly infected with prejudices and falsehoods similar to those selected and warmed up afresh by such men as Weld.

The circumstances, which have led to this state of things, are of great variety and long standing. Most of our historians, as Mr. Stone remarks,

"English and American, wrote too near the time when the events they were describing occurred, for a dispassionate investigation of truth; and other writers, who have succeeded, have too often been content to follow in the beaten track, without incurring the labor of diligent and calm inquiry." — p. xvi.

"The crude, verbal reports of the day — tales of hear-say, colored by fancy and aggravated by fear, — not only found their way into the newspapers, but into the journals of military officers. These, with all the disadvantages incident to flying rumors, increasing in size and enormity with every repetition, were used too often, it is apprehended, without farther examination, as authentic materials for history." — pp. xvi, xvii.

Many cases of this kind are referred to, in which historical authorities, otherwise highly respectable, are involved. We are reminded that even

"The diligent care of Marshall did not prevent his measurably falling into the same errors, in the first edition of his *Life of Washington*, with regard to Wyoming; and it was not until more than a quarter of a century afterward, when his late revised edition of that great work was about to appear, that, by the assistance of Mr. Charles Miner, an intelligent resident of Wilkesbarre, the readers of that eminent historian were correctly informed touching the revolutionary tragedy in that valley. Nor even then was the correction entire, inasmuch as the name of Brant was still retained as the leader of the Indians on that fearful occasion." — p. xvii.

One of the special tasks of Mr. Stone, we hardly need say, has been to clear up this Wyoming affair. So far as Brant was concerned, he had this to do for the first time. In all historical works, up to the publication of this *Life*, that chieftain has had credit for conducting all the infamous atrocities of that memorable occasion. This, of course, was sufficient to brand his name with universal disgrace. Campbell has him recorded to this day, in his "*Gertrude*," as the "monster Brant;" and "accursed" is another term, if we rightly remember, which that amiable writer considers none too bad to apply to him. When Brant's son was in England a few years since, he explained the whole matter to the poet's satisfaction. The reply of the latter to that effect is inserted in this work. In that communication, he promised to correct the error in a future edition; and we regret, with Mr. Stone, that this tardy justice has yet been rendered only so far as a reference to the subject in a note, without a corresponding alteration of the text, could effect it. This is a striking instance in point, to show how extensive are the effects of the original sin in such matters; how difficult to eradicate the poison when once set in motion. Innumerable other

cases of the kind might be mentioned. Our author has had his hands full of such, having the Indian district of American history so largely to explore. Here, again, he deserves especial credit for his labors. No prejudice, no ignorance, no authority, no confusion of statements, has discouraged him from working his way through to the truth at last. We know of no historian who has done as much in the way of disabusing the public of old falsehoods and mistakes. His corrections, if possible, still more than his contributions, entitle him to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. For ourselves, we forgive him the whole of his *Indian Speeches*.

So much for early prejudice, the natural effect of the kind of intercourse which, unhappily, occurred too generally between the red race and the white. It will be moreover remembered, that the influence of this feeling has never been counteracted by contemporaneous authority, in any considerable degree. In the case of most differences between great parties like these, — as between political factions, or contending communities, — there are sure to be two sets of prejudices, exaggerations, and fabrications, the one of which does tolerably well as an off-set against the other, so that, putting both together, and weighing well, at the same time, the strictures with which everything advanced by one party is sure to be met by the other, an observer or reader, who is really disposed to get at the truth, may be able to do so, in due course of time. Take the obsolete disputes, for example, between the various political combinations which have appeared and disappeared in the United States, since the adoption of the Constitution. Take, for another, the conflicting and confused accounts of the Revolutionary contest, or even of the last war, between ourselves and Great Britain. Here there are two sides to the question, and full justice, and perhaps a great deal more, is done to both. The result is that any body, American or English, who really wants to understand the merits of these cases, is enabled to do so. The Indian has no such privilege allowed him, and never had. There are no two sides to his question; there never were. If he can be called a party to any history, it is only as a criminal, suspected, accused, and put upon a mock trial, where no opportunity of defence, no argument, no jury, is allowed him; where, in fact, he is summoned into court merely to be sentenced to be "hanged by the neck till he is dead." This circumstance, of course, has greatly aggravated the evil effected by the prejudice

of which we have spoken, for it has always told its story all in its own way. Nobody ever wept for Logan, — nobody spoke for him, “not one.” Brant, but for our author, might have continued forever the accursed monster which Campbell found him portrayed by all the authorities.

And so with the race at large. No statement about them, no comment upon them, has been at certain times, at most periods, too gross to be eagerly believed; and though the *most* gross of these have, in the progress of years, become too monstrous for any market, — being left high and dry, in all their hideousness, when the deluge of hatred that first set them afloat had subsided in some degree, — still vast multitudes of them remain just as they were, and the general, secret, long-drawn effects of *all* of them, uncontradicted, uncounteracted, from age to age. A few of their customs, for instance, — chiefly in war, which is always cruel, — have been taken as conclusive proofs of a constitution unnaturally blood-thirsty and void of all human feeling.

“Forgetting,” as Mr. Stone says, “that the second of the Hebrew monarchs did not scruple to saw his prisoners with saws, and harrow them with harrows of iron; forgetful, likewise, of the scenes at Smithfield, under the direction of our own British ancestors; the historians of the poor untutored Indians, almost with one accord, have denounced them as monsters *sui generis* — of unparalleled and unapproachable barbarity; as though the summary tomahawk were worse than the iron tortures of the harrow, and the torch of the Mohawk hotter than the fagots of Queen Mary.” — pp. xiii, xiv.

And so we have forgotten that the Indians have their systems of education, of martial training, among the rest; that these barbarities were *not* such in their estimation; that they exercised these customary cruelties in the vindication and defence of all that is dear to man. And most of all, we forget, we do not know, we never can know, the examples which were set before them, and the terrible provocations they endured.

“It would require the aggregate of a large number of predatory incursions and isolated burnings, to balance the awful scene of conflagration and blood, which at once extinguished the power of Sassacus, and the brave and indomitable Narragansets over whom he reigned. No! until it is forgotten, that by some Christians in infant Massachusetts it was held to be right to kill Indians

as the agents and familiars of Azazel ; until the early records of even tolerant Connecticut, which disclose the fact that the Indians were seized by the Puritans, transported to the British West Indies, and sold as slaves, are lost ; until the Amazon and La Plata shall have washed away the bloody history of the Spanish American conquest ; and until the fact that Cortez stretched the unhappy Guatimozin naked upon a bed of burning coals, is proved to be a fiction, let not the American Indian be pronounced the most cruel of men ! ” — p. xv.

And this is, of course, but the fairest possible glimpse at the Indian side of the question. The greater part of their argument, as we said before, is already lost beyond recovery. The most we can do is to form, from what little we do happen to have found out, some dim, conjectural calculation of the great system of wrongs they have been continually suffering at every point, in the way of evil communications, as well as of more palpable outrages of every conceivable description.

“ The little we have happened to ascertain,” we said ; little in comparison with what must be still unknown, and destined forever to remain so ; but yet how vast an aggregate of abuses might be made up by him who should choose to consult even the one-sided history of the two races which alone exists, with such a view ! These volumes of Mr. Stone are full of such disclosures, — disclosures not so much intentionally as incidentally made, — and so frequent as at last to excite neither remark nor surprise. To begin at a late date, nobody needs to be reminded of the causes which brought on *Cresap's War*, with all its more than Indian barbarities at the time, and all the unwritten, but indelible, evil consequences which flowed from it. The sufferings of Logan on this occasion have made some impression on the public mind, for Logan was an orator, and for once an Indian opened his lips to the white man on the great subject which has lain rankling at the hearts of the race for so many ages. Three years afterwards, that noble-hearted old chieftain, *Cornstalk*, the Shawanee, once the bravest enemy, but then the best friend, of the white men, — the King of the Northern Confederacy in 1774, but in 1777 a volunteer mediator, at great hazard, for the maintenance of peace, when all around him cried out again for war, — this man, having undertaken a long journey through the wilderness, with these views, to the American fortress on Point Pleasant, attended by only a young

Delaware chief, *Redhawk*, who had also fought at his side in the Cresap war, was basely murdered in cold blood, within the walls. The old man had told his story. He frankly stated that he could no longer keep his tribe at peace. The American officer deemed it prudent to detain him as a hostage for their *good behavior*. He submitted quietly to this ; but meanwhile, *Ellinipsico*, his son, a man of his own spirit, became uneasy about him, and came in to the fort, where an affectionate interview occurred. The *next* day, two white men, on a hunting excursion, were fired on by Indians, — it was said, — nobody knows whom. The provocation is not stated. Perhaps there was no other but this very treatment of the chiefs at the fortress, which, indeed, some civilized nations would probably have considered quite a sufficient ground of reprisals. Perhaps, on the other hand, it was done in revenge of some other and older provocation, (if not of one given on the spot,) of which nothing had ever been heard, or ever will ; at the worst, it was a murder committed by individuals who alone were responsible for the crime. The white men near the fortress heard of it, however, and a scene of Lynch Law commenced :

“ A party of ruffians assembled, under the command of a Captain Hall, — not to pursue and punish the perpetrators of the murder, — but to fall upon the friendly and peaceable Indians in the fort. Arming themselves, and cocking their rifles, they proceeded directly to the little garrison, menacing death to any or all who should oppose their nefarious designs. Some friend of the hostage-chiefs attempted to apprise them in advance of the approaching danger ; but the savage mob were probably too close upon the heels of the messenger to allow of their escape. At the sound of the clamor without, *Ellinipsico* is said to have been somewhat agitated. Not so the veteran *Cornstalk*. He had too often grappled with death on the war-path to fear his approaches now. Perceiving the emotion of his son, he calmly observed : — ‘ *My son, the Great Spirit has seen fit that we should die together, and has sent you to that end. It is his will, and let us submit.*’ The infuriated mob had now gained the apartment of the victims ; *Cornstalk* fell, perforated with seven bullets, and died without a struggle. The son, after the exhortation of his father, met his fate with composure, and was shot on the seat upon which he was sitting. *Redhawk*, the young Delaware, died with less fortitude. He hid himself away, but was discovered and slain. Another friendly Indian, in the fort at the

time, was likewise killed, and his body mangled by the barbarians in a manner that would have disgraced savages of any other complexion."— pp. 192, 193.

These cases might be cited *ad infinitum*. For the relief of variety in a subject so repulsive at the best, let us take an instance of another class. We have alluded to the examples set before the Indians by the whites. During the Revolution, it is well known, they fought very much together, to some extent, on both sides, though chiefly, with Brant himself, on the British. The following incident occurred at Schoharie, in 1778. The savages had made one of their customary incursions, — they have never known any other mode of warfare, — and nearly an entire family, among other victims, were killed :

"They had just completed the work of death, when some loyalists of the party came up, and discovered an infant breathing sweetly in its cradle. An Indian warrior, noted for his barbarity, approached the cradle with his uplifted hatchet. The babe looked up in his face, and smiled ; the feelings of nature triumphed over the ferocity of the savage ; the hatchet fell with his arm, and he was about stooping down to take the innocent in his arms, when one of the loyalists, cursing him for his humanity, thrust it through with his bayonet, and, thus transfixed, held it up struggling in the agonies of death, as he exclaimed — '*This, too, is a rebel !*' " — pp. 311, 312.

After a multitude of details of this kind, the author remarks, that the Vale of Schoharie-kill was doomed to extraordinary sufferings from these ravages during the war ; but, he adds, — which no other historian, to our knowledge, ever did, —

"Justice, nevertheless, demands the admission, that the first blood was drawn in that valley, and the first act of barbarity committed, *by the white man, upon the body of an Indian sachem.*" — p. 314.

This fact is proved at some length, but we need not repeat the details.

Nor shall we complete even an outline of similar aggressions on a greater scale, which occurred throughout the war, as they have occurred at all other times. Mr. Stone has overlooked none of them at least which came in his way, *coûte qu'il coûte* ; and he frequently assumes the responsibility and drudgery of doing original justice to the parties, a justice neglected too long

by his predecessors. He speaks out plainly of General Sullivan's treatment of the friendly Mohawks, in 1779; and the same of General Wayne, on another occasion. But there is no end to such facts. How vast must be the great aggregate, then, of those of a like description, which never have been, nor can be, ascertained; — unascertained, we mean, by the American public, not by the Indians; we know *them* too well for such a conclusion.

We shall barely allude to one other source, rather a singular one of the prejudices, of which we have spoken above, created, in this case, on the other side. Mr. Stone cites the following passage from Ramsay, which sufficiently explains it; the date is 1775:

"Colonel Johnson had repeated conferences with the Indians, and endeavored to influence them to take up the hatchet, but they steadily refused. In order to gain their coöperation, he invited them to a feast on a Bostonian, and to drink his blood. This, in the Indian style, meant no more than to partake of a roasted ox and a pipe of wine at a public entertainment, which was given on design to influence them to coöperate with the British troops. The colonial patriots affected to understand it in its literal sense. *It furnished, in their mode of explication, a convenient handle for operating on the passions of the people.*" — p. 88.

We can probably form no conception, at this period, of the extent or effect of this mere partisan misrepresentation. Mr. Stone cites the well-known Franklin scalp-story, as an instance in point; and he justly remarks, in his Introduction, that it was

"The policy of the public writers, and those in authority, not only to magnify actual occurrences, but sometimes, when these were wanting, to draw upon their imaginations for accounts of such deeds of ferocity and blood as might best serve to keep alive the strongest feelings of indignation against the parent country, and likewise induce the people to take the field for revenge, if not driven thither by the nobler impulse of patriotism." — p. xvi.

The subject, however, is too fertile; it must be left where it is. We should like to go through this whole *Life of Brant*, with a view to the illustration and proof, at once, of the justness of the praise we have bestowed on the author, and of the positions regarding the relations between the two races, and

especially the real character of the red men, — in which we have found ourselves compelled, by all manner of evidence, and by every consideration of reason and philosophy, to concur with him. Of course, he devotes his efforts especially to the work of clearing up the fame of his hero. This he has accomplished with triumphant success. Brant was a wonderful genius, as he proves thoroughly; but he was a great-spirited, a noble-hearted creature, as well; and this he also proves; the position, in our opinion, will never be disputed again. In this achievement the author has rendered a service to history, as well as to abstract morality, which can hardly be too highly esteemed. Had he done nothing but this, — had his attention in this work been exclusively devoted to Brant alone, — still he would have rendered a mighty service in behalf of the whole race the Chieftain belonged to; for he would have set up before the world, and before posterity, one most signal instance, at least as such, of a great multitude of like cases, — a most eloquent suggestion, a perfect illustration, of thousands more, — and an encouragement, moreover, for future historians to do like him. But he has done much more. His whole work is a series of corrections and restorations of public estimates of character, and other subjects in which the Indians are concerned. It would give us the sincerest pleasure to furnish our readers with a score or two of passages of this description, but our limits compel us to forbear.

Neither can we do justice to the corresponding work of correction which Mr. Stone has carried on respecting his history at large. In these cases, as in those already referred to, it should be borne in mind, as an important addition to his other merits, that what he does is done in good temper. There is no Quixotism about it. The strictest impartiality is exercised, as far as we can follow him. He takes the same pains almost, to clear up the character of Burgoyne, of the Johnsons, of the infamous Butlers of Wyoming memory, of any and every party, however odious, who enters the scene of action, as he does to vindicate Brant himself. His magnanimity in the treatment of some of these people, indeed, is almost provoking. We admit and admire the virtue of it, but confess at the same time to feeling almost out of patience with a historian of such imperturbable Roman integrity and coolness; we feel an inclination for a sort of historical Lynch Law to be practised upon these subjects; we almost cry aloud for their being tarred and feathered on the spot.

A word on the style of this work. We cannot quite rank it in this respect with some of the recent historical compositions, of a highly classical character, produced in our own vicinity, and which have attracted a large share of public attention. With great fluency, liveliness, and ease of manner, gracefully adapting itself to the subject, and rising with that not unfrequently to a high order of graphic and stirring eloquence, especially in description, — higher, perhaps, than anything of the kind to be found in the writings of his contemporaries which we refer to ; — there is still, not unfrequently, an inexactness, and occasionally an incorrectness in his phraseology. These are so obviously the result of mere heat and haste, and so easily amended, that we shall not fear meeting them in the many future editions of this work, to which we are sure it is destined. We refer to such expressions as these :

“ So long as English poetry exists, will the imaginary tale of Gertrude of Wyoming be read, admired, and *wept*,” &c. — Vol. I. p. 318.

This may be said *in* poetry, perhaps, but certainly not *of* it, — not in history, at least. More of a question may be made, for aught we know, over the following :

“ The great western tribes becoming more and more *restif*.” — Vol. I. p. 347.

Though we suppose this epithet (not very dignified at the best) to mean, strictly, just the reverse of what the author apparently intended here to say. At all events, he will not defend the sentence —

“ Until, indeed, his troops became impatient *to a degree*,” —

a license which, if we mistake not, is several times repeated, and seems quite a favorite with the author. Such language, used colloquially, excites no surprise. It may be excused, even to the *Editor of the Commercial Advertiser*, it being considered how busy that gentleman must be ; but we hope to see it weeded carefully out of the *Life of Brant*. On the whole, if the style of Mr. Stone (owing partly, it may be, to these same professional habits just referred to) is not always quite so condensed and crisp as might be desired ; if it shows generally, as well as in particular cases, the marks less of a Roman severity or Grecian finish than of an American energy, readiness, and spirit ; if, to repeat a homely figure we have used before.

and using words that suit our purpose as boldly as he does, an occasional lack of mature seasoning shows itself in here a *warp*, and there a *scam*, — these, after all, are trivial considerations when compared with the great, sterling, standard merits for which we have given him credit; with the reform he may be said to have fairly introduced into our Indian annals; with his vast and various original contributions to American history at large, — the romantic interest as well as the authentic value of a large part of these restorations, — his impartial, liberal, and manly spirit, — the high moral and Christian tone which breathes through the whole of his writings, — or even with that never-failing animation and raciness in his style itself, which, wrought into such material, have filled these thick octavos with a life which fiction, with all its strangeness, aims at in vain. These are excellences of the first and finest order. They are body and soul enough for any historical composition. They will give to this work an enviable rank among its contemporaries, a lively and lasting interest in the memories of men.

B. B. T.

ART. II. — 1. *American Education, or Strictures on the Nature, Necessity, and Practicability of a System of National Education, suited to the United States.* By Rev. BENJAMIN O. PEERS. With an Introductory Letter by FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D. New York: J. S. Taylor. 1838. 12mo. pp. 364.

2. *Home Education.* By ISAAC TAYLOR, Author of "Natural History of Enthusiasm," "Physical Theory of Another Life," etc. etc. New York. First American from second London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1838. 12mo. pp. 322.

DR. JOHNSON's crusty remark, that "Education is as well known, and has long been as well known, as ever it can be," does not seem to be a part of the creed of our age. Alike in the philosopher's closet and the legislative hall, — in the radical's harangues and the despot's councils, — a constant effort is making to devise a more thorough mode of Education, and to

render its blessings universal. Even the Russian Autocrat joins in the movement, and threatens to surpass, in wisdom and liberality, the rulers of some of our free States.

The two works at the head of this Article lay the subject of Education before us in all its length and breadth. It is the aim of the first to insist upon the necessity of educating all the people by means of common schools. The second concerns itself more with making education thorough, than universal; and seeks to set forth a higher plan of culture than can be pursued in public schools, or even in private schools; and to show that the human faculties may reach their best development under the family roof. Let us first see what Mr. Peers's views are, and then look at Mr. Taylor's book.

Mr. Peers has been quite conspicuous and efficient as a friend of education in the West. He has for many years been actively engaged as a teacher, and was, for a while, the head of Transylvania University. He has a right, therefore, to speak with something of the authority of experience. He might safely have trusted his book to make its own way by its intrinsic excellence, and the merits of his own name, without having it hawked into notice by one of those introductions, that generally only serve to awake suspicion that a book needs puffing to keep it from sinking. It is rather unfortunate, in the present case, that the Introductory Letter to a work on Education should be so hasty, and should not afford a better specimen of correct grammar.

Mr. Peers argues, that an infant is as much entitled to the growth of his mind as he is to the growth of his body; and that the right of education ought to be ranked among the natural and unalienable rights of man. He maintains that, as a matter of course, every citizen has a claim upon society for such a cultivation as shall make him fully competent to discharge the duties which society requires of him. He considers these three questions:

“What kind and amount of education do the circumstances of society in the United States require *all its members* should receive?”

“What, and how much is every child, irrespectively of the character or condition of its parents, entitled to claim, and government consequently bound to give?”

“And what arrangements had best be made for the purpose

of complying with this requirement, of meeting these claims, and of discharging this obligation ? ” — p. 21.

After enlarging and insisting on the especial need of education, particularly moral and religious, in a republic like ours, he proceeds to state and illustrate what he deems to be the essential features in a system of national instruction suited to the United States :

“ The essential features, in a system of national education suited to the United States, I consider to be seven ; as expressed in the following propositions :

“ 1. A system of national education suited to the United States must aim, above all things, to impress a virtuous character upon the rising generation, and by means of the Bible as the instrument.

“ 2. In educating the intellectual faculties, it should be guided (with reference both to methods of practice, and the information to be communicated) by the laws of mind, and the future wants of the individual ; and not, as is generally the case, by a too subservient and blind regard to usage.

“ 3. It must make such arrangements as will ensure the attendance at school of every child of the proper age.

“ 4. It must cause them to continue at school for a period of seven years.

“ 5. It must establish seminaries for the professional education of a sufficient number of teachers.

“ 6. It must provide means for their accommodation and comfortable support ; and,

“ 7. For the supervision and general execution of its plans, it must appoint wise and energetic superintendents.” — pp. 91, 92.

In discussing the second proposition, as to the kind of education suited to our circumstances, he remarks :

“ To collect materials for giving a *proper* answer to the question proposed, (so far, at least, as relates to intellectual education, the immediate subject of this chapter,) I would station myself beside ‘ the stump ’ and the ballot-box, on the day of an election, and there learn the mental habits, and the information, requisite, to enable the farmers and mechanics, the principal voters of the nation, to distinguish the artful sophistry of the demagogue, from the manly logic of the friend of order and of the Constitution ; and to choose, intelligently, between two candidates, whose views of national policy may be as opposite as day and night. I would then repair to our legislative halls ; and hearing the

yeomanry of the country uttering their wishes, and opinions, through their representative organs, I would inquire as to the kind of education that will fit them for doing so with wisdom and with safety. Thence I would go into the business walks of life, to ascertain what knowledge of things, and principles, is needed to facilitate the task of getting honestly a comfortable livelihood. In the social circle, next, I would learn the mental qualifications necessary to make recreation rational, and profitable, as well as pleasant. Then, by the domestic fireside, I would determine the amount of moral science requisite for a wise discharge of the duties of the father, the son, the brother, the relation, the neighbor, and the friend. And lastly ; beneath the shadow of the sacred desk, I would form my views of the attainments which are essential to fit a man for being happy in the faithful discharge of all his duties upon earth, and to prepare him for the purer blessedness of Heaven." — pp. 99, 100.

Mr. Peers has much to say upon the need of religious culture in common schools, and in all that he says shows great good sense, and what seems to us a singular liberality in a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. He is entirely opposed to the introduction of any of the dogmas of controversial theology into schools. His view of the moral susceptibilities is cheering. He maintains "that children are religious beings ; that is, they have consciences and affections, peculiarly susceptible of religious impressions ; and the failure to treat them as such, can only be regarded as an act of criminal, not to say unpardonable, infidelity." Again, he remarks, "he (the instructor) should address himself to the tender sensibilities of childhood, by means of the mild and melting considerations with which the gospel abounds ; and he should make close and specific appeals to their consciences, remembering that the sense of moral obligation in children is peculiarly delicate and acute. The meaning of the expressions 'ought' and 'ought not' is perfectly comprehended by them. There are, in reality, and to the unsophisticated mind of childhood, no simpler words in our language."

He does not try to set forth any specific plan for religious instruction in our schools, nor to decide the difficult and much vexed question, what use shall be made of the Bible. His own plan has been to give the first morning hour to religion, in form of reading the Scriptures, singing and prayer. He opposes the use of the Bible as a common reading book in schools, and

thinks there is great demand for a work "which shall amount to an exact, judicious, and specific answer to the question, which relates to the best method of employing the Bible in schools, and shall be fitted to serve as a help and guide to teachers in this respect." A work of this kind would, in his opinion, do more than anything else to remove all doubt about the practicability of using the Scriptures habitually in schools, without offending sectarian feelings. But there's the rub. Who shall prepare such a book? Who shall speak of the Bible in such way as not to offend sectarians on the one hand, nor on the other hand alarm the fears of a people ever jealous of sects and religionists? So long as Christians regard Christianity as based on controverted dogmas, — so long as the people regard the Church as a selfish party, or band of parties, so long the Bible will be, if not absolutely kept out of common schools, used with much timidity and jealousy, and with little good effect. Even in the city that boasts to be the most moral and religious in the land, if not in the world, the assembled wisdom of her teachers and clergy could not even agree that religion should be taught in schools, much less devise a plan for teaching it.

We do actually believe, that the good yeomanry of our country would be more likely to agree upon a system of moral and religious instruction for schools, than our clergy would. They would discern, that the love of God and man, justice, truth, temperance, and even the eternal life, were principles acknowledged by the great mass of the church and people; and insisting upon these, they would leave controversialists to dispute at will about their *isms* and *ologies*. We remember being very much struck, last summer, with the effect produced upon the legislature of a State remarkably jealous of church influence, by a lecture upon the mode of moral and religious culture in the schools of Germany. The democratic yeomanry looked rather hard at the Rev. Lecturer, when he stated his topic. But when he proceeded to unfold what he meant by moral and religious culture, their faces changed from distrust and suspicion to interest and delight. All parties were charmed. The orthodox legislators were delighted to hear so much said of the importance of a right heart. The sturdiest democrats gave up their fears about mingling Church and State. If this be religion, said some of them, — if religion consist in the development of our moral and spiritual capacities, if its main

doctrines be the love of God and man, as shown in works of justice, piety, and benevolence, — the more and the sooner we have it in our schools, the better.

Is not the doctrine, that Christianity is but a revelation of Eternal Truth, and of the perfection of Mind, and not an arbitrary dogma, actually a strange idea to the majority of our people, and even of the nominal Church? Who shall be the Apostle of this idea with such power as to convince free nations that, in diffusing the Bible and Christianity, they are not aiding mere sects and parties, but spreading Eternal Truth, and shedding bright and far the beams of that Light, which, though faintly, lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and shines fully in Jesus.

But without expecting that such a one will soon come, or that the Bible will soon be a universally efficient text-book in our schools, we may hope for some speedy improvements in means of moral and religious instruction. We know not how a better suggestion can be made, than that contained in the "First Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education" in this State. We wonder, by the bye, that Mr. Peers has so overlooked the recent movement in behalf of education, in our State. There is more practical wisdom and high principle combined in Mr. Mann's Report, than in anything in the same compass that we have ever met with. But to our extract :

"One of the greatest and most exigent wants of our schools, at the present time, is a book, portraying, with attractive illustration and with a simplicity adapted to the simplicity of childhood, the obligations arising from social relationships; making them stand out, with the altitude of mountains, above the level of the engrossments of life; — not a book written for the copyright's sake, but one emanating from some comprehension of the benefits of supplying children, at an early age, with simple and elementary notions of right and wrong in feeling and in conduct, so that the appetites and passions, as they spring up in the mind, may, by a natural process, be conformed to the principles, instead of the principles being made to conform to the passions and appetites." — p. 65.

Mr. Peers closes his work by an earnest appeal to the clergy, and rebukes them for their too general inefficiency in the cause of education. He maintains that the present means relied upon for diffusing religion, — such as the family, the pulpit, the

Sunday school, the boarding school, — are altogether inadequate. He deems the Government and the Church to be alike in danger from popular ignorance. Yet both seem to have acted as if their interests were at variance. "They appear to have been trying opposite experiments; the Church, by her neglect of general education, endeavoring to dispense with popular intelligence, — and the Government with Religion." The rebuke of the clergy applies more to the latitude in which it was written, than to our own.

We now turn to a book about as different from the one we have been considering, as could well be. We find that, in the outset, the author of "*Home Education*" lays down the principle that no schools can give such good and thorough culture to the powers, as private instruction in the family. Instead of concerning himself with so improving common schools as to induce the children of the affluent and fastidious to attend them, he rather disparages public education, and unfolds an elaborate system for the instruction of young persons from infancy to early manhood at home. In style and thought the two writers differ as much as in doctrine. The style of the one is hard and often obscure. The style of the other is diffuse and plain enough, but not remarkable for anything. The one is speculative, and often original, though not devoid of practical wisdom and experience. The other does not make any pretensions to depth or originality. Those who have read the "*Natural History of Enthusiasm*," or "*Physical Theory of Another Life*," or any of Mr. Taylor's striking volumes, will not expect a play-day when they undertake to read "*Home Education*." He gives his readers many hard nuts to crack, but the kernel generally well pays for the trouble.

Mr. Taylor's whole doctrine is opposed to our common American ideas, and therefore the more deserves our attention. He opposes the common wholesale education of the young, and makes mortal war with the prevalent haste for early excitement and development. Our people think that since boys are to join in the busy crowd, when they arrive at manhood, the sooner and the more they mingle in the throng, the better; and that a large school is the best discipline for real life. Mr. Taylor argues, that the very fact that boys must, in time, mingle with the bustling and impassioned crowd, is a reason for keeping them by themselves in early life, so that a decided and consolidated character may be formed, and they may go forth

into life, not to be assimilated to the vulgar multitude, but able to exert a positive individual influence. Again, the rage with us is for an early culture of all the powers ; the more forward a child is, the better the teacher, the better the hope. A great doctrine of the work before us, lies in the principle of late and even repressed development. Instead of forcing open the young bud, Mr. Taylor deems that the longer it remains closed, the brighter and more enduring will be the bloom of the flower.

His reasons for preferring a private to a public education are thus summed up and qualified :

“ 1st. That the stress of the process may be made to rest upon the best sentiments, and upon the reciprocal affections of the teacher and the taught, instead of its falling upon law, and routine, and mechanism : 2dly, That everything, in method and in matter, may be exactly adapted to the individual capacities and tastes of the learner, and the utmost advantage secured for every special talent : 3dly, That it is, or may be, wholly exempt from the incumbrance and despotism of statutes, or of immemorial, but perhaps irrational usages, or of prevalent notions, and may come altogether under the control of good sense ; and is free to admit every approved practice : and 4thly, That, whereas public education is necessarily a system of hastened development, private education is free to follow out the contrary principle of retarded development.

“ If it had come within my purpose to discuss the general question of the comparative advantages, on the whole, of the two systems, many other points must have been adverted to ; and especially so, if the moral and religious bearing of the subject had been included in such an argument. But although this general question is here held in abeyance, I would not even seem to be unmindful of the many and powerful reasons which may induce parents, even if home education be in their case practicable, yet to send their children, or at least their sons, to school. Such are — the superior practical ability of masters who have devoted their lives to particular branches of instruction ; — the advantage, so important to boys, of finding their level among many ; — the stirring and healthful influence of emulation ; — the means of acquiring self-confidence, and the probability of learning good sense and common discretion, as well as pliability, on that wider field ; and not least, the salubrious animal excitement, the buoyant inspiration of high sport, which is to be had on the play-ground, and for which, it is extremely difficult to find an efficient substitute in the quietness of home.” — pp. 14, 15.

It is evident that many of our author's views are inapplicable to this country. He indeed says, that his plan of culture can be best carried out in an English country-house. Comparatively few among us have the means of employing private tutors in their families, and still fewer parents are able to superintend the education of their children at home; and surely, private tutors, who could be engaged for a small salary, must be far inferior to our best instructors in public as well as private schools. Our institutions, too, demand a public education. The sooner boys learn to feel as fellow-citizens, and to mingle interests, friendships, and even competitions, the better hope of their future efficiency and happiness. And yet, on the other hand, the strong tendency, in our country, towards uniformity of manner and opinion, and the too timid deference to the will of the majority, demands to be corrected by that hearty affection and firm principle that a good home-breeding alone can give. How shall the two ends be gained? Private schools cannot do it. There is no more independence — no purer feelings in these than in public schools; there is often more gentility of manner, but seldom more purity of soul; and wherever there are bad boys in a private school, their corrupting influence being exerted upon a small number, and being in close contact, is likely to be the more fatal. The best way of gaining at the same time the advantage of public and private education, would be to unite the two: so improve our common schools, that all boys, at least within a certain age, may attend them with profit; and, at the same time, let a faithful home-breeding keep pace with public instruction; — let parents watch over the intellectual progress of their children, show constant interest in their studies, and above all, let home be the place where the heart's best affections are nurtured, as in an healthful atmosphere, whose power is all the mightier from its being constant and unforced. Is there not demand for some reform in college life, and would not the chances of worth and happiness be far greater with students, if, while they are in the University, they are also blessed with a home, if not with their parents, certainly with some kind and agreeable family? Surely our Colleges, upon their present plan, inspire a roughness and almost barbarity of feeling and manner, which attend many men through life, and which the graces and affections of a happy home would entirely correct. Much attention has been given to this subject of late; and Universities have been

assiduously fixed in cities, so as to give young men a liberal education without taking them from their homes. Whether the comforts and virtues of home be enough to counterbalance the dangers of a city residence, remains to be decided by experience.

What our author says of the Home Education of girls deserves especial attention. These, he deems beyond all doubt, should be kept from large schools, and if possible be taught at home. It is, perhaps, well enough for men to be early acquainted with evil, and to learn to resist it. But the less a woman knows of the world's depravity, the greater is the charm and purity of her character. Here is a good remark on the influence of home-bred girls :

“ Girls should then be educated at home with a constant recollection that their brothers, and the future companions of their lives, are, at the same time, at school, making certain acquisitions indeed, — dipping into the Greek drama, and the like ; but receiving a very partial training of the mind, in the best sense ; or perhaps only such a training as chance may direct : and that they will return to their homes, wanting in genuine sentiments, and in the refinements of the heart. Girls, well taught at home, may tacitly compel their brothers to feel, if not to confess, when they return from school, that, although they may have gone some way beyond their sisters in mere scholarship, or in mathematical proficiency, they are actually inferior to them in variety of information, in correctness of taste, and in general maturity of understanding ; as well as in propriety of conduct, in self-government, in steadiness and elevation of principle, and in force and depth of feeling. With young men of ingenuous tempers, this consciousness of their sisters' superiority, in points which every day they will be more willing to deem important, may be turned to the best account, under a discreet parental guidance, and may become the means of the most beneficial reaction in their moral sentiments.” — pp. 20, 21.

In reference to his subject, Mr. Taylor considers carefully the three eras of early life, — infancy, childhood, youth. When, however, he speaks of these as the three easily distinguishable and well understood eras to which education applies ; and when he says that infancy terminates with the fifth year, childhood in the eleventh or twelfth, and the period of adolescence in the seventeenth, it must not be forgotten that the characteristics of infancy sometimes disappear in the fourth

year, and sometimes continue unchanged to the tenth ; and that the season of childhood differs, in its commencement and close, often by as much as five years.

Infancy is Nature's own season, and our author would leave Nature to her own free course. It is the season for animal growth, — especially for the brain to attain a healthy expansion and consolidation. During this period, whatever might tend to irritate or disturb the nervous system, is utterly to be condemned. This is the season, also, for allowing to the senses their spontaneous education, and for observing things as creation shows them :

“ Infancy, as I have said, is, emphatically, Nature's season ; and parents may be thoroughly contented, so far, who see their children reach the verge that separates infancy from childhood in blooming health, — happy, in habit and in temper ; with transparent dispositions, with a curiosity alive, with a moderate command of language ; and, if I may be allowed the figure, with a lap full of the blossoms of philosophy, unsorted and plucked as they have come to hand.

“ One might even say less than this ; and yet affirm, that the period of infancy has passed auspiciously, if only the cheek be ruddy, the eye sparkling, the sympathies prompt and kind, and the habit of implicit obedience thoroughly formed. Happy are the parents who are devising the more elaborate processes of education, and are just commencing what may be called the business of instruction, with children of seven and eight years old, of whom as much as has now been stated might be affirmed, — and nothing more.

“ In a word, if the anxious inquiry of some parents, in relation to infancy and early childhood, is — What are the most effectual means of development ? the inquiry which I would substitute for such a question, is of this sort — How shall we best pass over the same period without any development but what is wholly spontaneous ? ” — pp. 114, 115.

Childhood, the second period of early life, embracing six or seven years, is the time during which the brain having nearly reached its organic perfection, the bodily system is to expand and be consolidated. The animal economy still demands our care, and all excitements tending to disturb the physical growth ought to be avoided. Yet childhood is the season when conscious life begins, and the soul first recognises its own individuality, and inquires concerning itself and its well being. It

becomes conscious of the passage of time, and demands occupation, either by labor or amusement. It shows the endeavor to connect and arrange, in some way, its acquired stock of ideas, and to ask questions as to the agreements and causes of such facts, as have come within its observation. It is the season for giving the mind the first principles of mental order ; and since the most obvious of these principles are those relating to *time*, *place*, *form*, and *causation*, something is to be done towards giving consistency to a child's perceptions and acquirements regarding these. Childhood, moreover, is distinguished by great moral sensibility and intuitive sense of the characters of those around. This trait is accompanied with great shrewdness in detecting absurdities, long before the reason of the absurdity has been discovered. The author insists much upon the importance of a happy infancy and childhood :

“ The recollection of a thoroughly happy childhood (other advantages not wanting) is the very best preparation, moral and intellectual, with which to encounter the duties and cares of real life. A sunshine childhood is an auspicious inheritance, with which, as a fund, to commence trading in practical wisdom and active goodness. It is a great thing only to have known, by experience, that tranquil, temperate felicity is actually attainable on earth ; and we should think so if we knew how many have pursued a reckless course, because, — or chiefly because, they early learned to think of HAPPINESS as a chimera, and believed momentary gratifications to be the only substitute placed within the reach of man. Practicable happiness is much oftener wantonly thrown away, than really snatched from us ; but it is the most likely to be pursued, overtaken, and husbanded by those who already, and during some considerable period of their lives, have been happy. To have known nothing but misery is the most portentous condition under which human nature can start on its course.” — p. 33.

The tenth and eleventh years are, Mr. Taylor thinks, the season when internal revolutions take place, as well in the dispositions as in the intellect. Remarkable faculties now show something of themselves, if ever, and signs appear of fitness for some particular calling. Now, too, appears a thoughtfulness, or tendency to muse upon the conditions of human life ; “ as if the mind, in reaching the first hillock on its journey, were halting a moment to ponder the landscape before it ” :

"It seems as if each marked era of human life were preceded by a season of thoughtfulness, often indeed diverted by cares, follies, passions, or eager interests; but indicating itself wherever the mind is sufficiently sedate, and its position sufficiently settled, to allow a tranquil interior change to become perceptible on the surface. At these moments, and in connexion, no doubt, with physical changes, a tinge of melancholy pervades the mind, and the balanced good and ill of existence is surveyed. The mind too, at such seasons, tries its strength upon those insoluble problems which sages have so often professed to have disposed of, but which still continue to torment human reason, even from its earliest dawn. There are indications sometimes of a crisis of this sort in the fifth year; still more decisively in the tenth or eleventh; and again in the eighteenth. It is at these moments that the soul comes to a stand, for an instant, and asks — Whither am I going?" — pp. 132, 133.

When boyhood succeeds to childhood, or about the twelfth year, the time arrives for the youth to learn to manage for himself, — to court hardihood and courage, — to learn enterprise and endurance of fatigue. Now there is need especially of keeping the reasoning faculty free to its own spontaneous action, and to avoid cramping it by formalities and prejudice. Now too, enough may be learned of children's natural capacity, to enable the parent to assign them severally to one or the other of two classes, — the intellectual, who are to receive an elaborate and extended mental culture, and the unintellectual, who are to be fitted for business or for business-like engagements, and whose education, of whatever sort, must or may well be brought to a close at an early age. At the fourteenth year, the author thinks, a boy's professional tastes and powers may be discerned, and his education begin to have some reference to his future way of life. Here the advantage of home education especially appears, — the adaptation of methods of culture to individual diversities of taste and talent.

At this period it becomes necessary to avoid two errors, — first, the error of a too hasty or too confident decision in relation to a child's general ability or particular turn; secondly, the error of allowing our own plans to be overruled by the supposed ability, or particular tastes, or the assumed incapacity of a child. The chapter on modes of treating the various instances of intellectual conformation, both those which exhibit defects of intellectual structure, and those which show particular

talent, whether executive, philosophic, or poetic, contains many excellent and original suggestions.

The last part of the work is devoted to an analysis of the intellectual faculties, and an exposition of the order and plan in which they should be addressed and developed. We will not stop either to illustrate or dispute Mr. Taylor's analysis of the intellectual faculties. It is certainly correct enough for practical purposes. In fact, all quarrelling between metaphysicians generally ceases, when they give themselves to the inquiry, How and in what order shall the human faculties be cultivated? The Sensual Philosophy and the Transcendental agree in the principle laid down by our author, that the Conceptive faculty should be regarded first, as coming first in Nature's order, — that power by which, what has been present to perception returns in the absence of its object, and notions derived from the senses become the mind's permanent property. After the notions of external objects are in the mind, then the sense of Resemblance comes and compares and arranges them. Then comes the sense of Analogy, and compares the relations of ideas, and perceives the harmony or discord of various classes of ideas. Next in order, the power of Abstraction should be educated; and with it the Reasoning faculty; and lastly the Imagination. If the reader marvel that the Imagination should be placed last, let him remember that what is often said about the ardor of imagination in childhood and youth, refers not to what is properly called imagination, but to fancy, or the mind's play with the images of the Conceptive faculty, according to their resemblances and contrasts. "The imagination and the imaginative sentiments are the very last to be developed, when nature takes her own course; it is the rich-colored chrysanthemum of the intellectual parterre; — while the Conceptive power is the very earliest to appear of the properly intellectual elements of our nature; the snow-drop of the mind's flower garden."

The closing chapters give many novel and valuable suggestions concerning the culture of the Conceptive faculty, the sense of Resemblance and Analogy. The author wages mortal war with the old system of education, which teaches first the technical terms of a science, then its philosophic principles or results, and last of all, the facts to which these technicalities relate, and upon which these principles and results are based. We give a single illustration of his meaning:

“What is termed the Use of the Globes, and which might better be called the abuse of them, if we are speaking of early education, affords another instance of that, as I think, mistaken practice which, while it offends nature, actually shuts out intelligence from all but the most resolutely intellectual minds. Instead of placing before the learner, in the first place, the palpable, visible, and picturesque facts of physical astronomy, and physical geography, and which very few children would fail to listen to with delight; the teacher, book in hand, or worse, forcing the book into the hands of the learner, afflicts him in some such style as this: — ‘The Colures are two great circles, imagined to intersect each other at right angles in the poles of the world: one of them passes through the solstitial, and the other through the equinoctial point of the ecliptic, whence the first is denominated the solstitial, and the second the equinoctial colure. This last determines equinoxes, and the former the solstices,’ &c. Such is the style in which mere children are too often introduced to the sciences, and for ever alienated from all kinds of substantial knowledge. The paragraph I have taken from only the sixth page of a much used school book, if rendered into Dutch or Chinese, would have been not a whit less beneficial to thousands of those who, in their sorrowful school-days, have learned, repeated, and instantly afterwards forgotten it. It is not that the technical parts of the sciences should not be learned, but that they should be kept out of sight until after the mind has become familiar with the visible realities to which they relate.

“A description of the earth, combining many topics, separately treated of in five or six sciences, — that is to say, astronomy, geography, geology, hydrography, mineralogy, meteorology, and, to some extent, natural history, affords as good an opportunity as we can any where find for calling the Conceptive Faculty into play, and for enriching it with splendid ideas. What we want, in the training of this faculty, is, to accustom the mind to stretch out from the boundary of things actually seen, and to give itself a sort of intellectual ubiquity, by the vigorous effort which realizes remote scenes as analogous to surrounding objects, and yet as unlike them. A child is to be tempted on, until he breaks over his horizon; he is to be exercised and informed, until he can wing his way, north or south, east or west, and show his teacher, in apt and vivid language, that his imagination has actually taken the leap, and has returned — from the tempest-rocked Hebrides, or the ice-bound northern ocean, from the red man’s wilderness of the west, from the steppes of central Asia, from the teeming swamps of the Amazon, from the sirocco deserts of Africa, from the tufted islets of the Pacific, from the

heaving flanks of Etna, from the marbled shores of Greece."
— pp. 203, 204.

While we are speaking of the need of cultivating clear conceptions and simple, graphic expressions, we may give the author a friendly knock with a weapon of his own furnishing. Mr. Taylor, we are sure, must speak from bitter experience of the need of clear conceptions and simple words. There is little simplicity and graphic power in his pages. He uses abstract terms needlessly, and has a style as little attractive as any writer of the day. There is not a single chapter in any of his works, in which the reader is not made to ache with trying to follow the writer through some craggy and misty paragraph. We think, too, that his admirable chapter on Language should teach him better than to be fond of repeatedly using such words as "perfunctory," when a plain Saxon monosyllable would better give the meaning.

We take leave of "Home Education" and its author with much gratitude, and yet not without some disappointment. The most interesting points in family culture are but slightly touched upon, — we mean the moral and religious bearings of the subject. The education of the moral and religious faculties, and also of the reason and imagination, he reserves for future consideration. We should delight to see a work from his pen, reviewing the moral and religious characteristics of early life, as he has reviewed its intellectual characteristics. We want a true history of the dawning mind and heart, — a natural history of human life, not of the eras in the physical being, but of the stages and crises in the soul. We wish to see that done for the individual soul, which God in his word has done for our race, — a history of religion in the individual, as God has given us the history of religion in the race. We would see the *Eden* period of infancy portrayed, — the season of spontaneous joy and faith, which no thought of shame, or toil, or sin, or death, has yet disturbed. We would see a faithful picture of childhood, — the period of the *law*, when the young mind must walk by the authority of others, and when, too, it has learned something of sin and shame and toil and death. Finally, we should delight to behold a faithful portraiture of that season of youth, when the soul wrestles with the great troubles and strives with the great enigmas of its being, — when childhood's spontaneous faith is reviewed, and either rejected

or confirmed by reflection, — when the burden of toil is realized, and man knows that he must work, and makes up his mind, whether to work as a slave chained to his task, or a free child in his Heavenly Father's house, and for a heavenly reward, — when the mystery of death and its woes are felt, and death either owned as a curse, or gloried in as giving ground for the Christian's hope.

That Mr. Taylor possesses all the qualifications to write upon "Home Education," especially its moral and religious bearings, cannot be presumed, even by his admirers. His mind is too hard and abstract for the work. His faith and philosophy are well enough for the task, but if there were more of the woman, both in his disposition, and his style and intellect, he would be fully qualified to meet his subject. Indeed, it is to be doubted, whether any one but a woman and a mother is competent to treat of "Home Education" in its most important sense. A successful writer on this subject should have the heart and experience of a woman, and the philosophical intellect of a man.

We ought to deem it one of the good signs of the times, that so much attention has of late been given to the family home, and its importance as a school has been so insisted upon. The homes of mankind decide the destiny of our race. If, indeed, we were to guide ourselves by history, or by the opinions of the world, we should attach exclusive glory to the extraordinary scenes and emergencies in the course of events, — we should measure the progress of our race by its illustrious battles, its signal deeds, its brilliant inventions and characters. But far otherwise should we do, if guided by the light of true philosophy. If we would learn how our race has advanced in what is truly valuable, we should turn away from the glowing record of battles gained or lost, and dynasties rising or falling, and should ask ourselves how are mankind advancing in the common affairs of life? what is their daily industry, and what are their homes? The homes of mankind are a better criterion of their progress, than their palaces and trophies. And thanks be to God, that the annals of the fireside bear witness to such an advance in civilization and virtue. Once the home had no such blessing around it as it now has. It was little better than the lair in which the wild beast takes temporary shelter. Now, through the influence of civilization and Christianity, — that mightiest agent in civilization, — home has become the centre of all that is pure and dear in affection, and all that is valuable

in art and refinement. We rejoice in every effort to increase the glory of the Christian Fireside. Let our homes be held in honor ; they should be most honorable. It is there that our happiness is most promoted or harmed, — it is there that the young receive their earliest and most enduring impressions, — it is there that the world's selfish business and passions may be forgotten in a circle of happy hearts, — it is there that in sickness we may meet with those soothing attentions that almost make sickness a blessing, by throwing around it such a halo of love, — it is there that we may expect to lie down on our death-beds, and hope that the voice of kindred may cheer our last moments, and the hand of affection close our eyes in the last sleep. Let the home, therefore, be honored equally with the Senate Hall, the Court of Justice, the House of God. It is the cradle of the young, the great school of the forming mind. It should be the abode of our joy, the asylum of our sorrow, — the fountain of public virtue, the temple of our faith.

S. O.

ART. III. — PEACE AND PEACE SOCIETIES.

To one, who wishes well for the best interests of his race, it is a cheering circumstance that the subject of Peace has, of late, attracted more attention than was formerly paid to it. That recklessness, with which, in past ages, nations rushed to arms on the slightest occasion, is now seldom witnessed. War, if now undertaken by any civilized power, is only as the last and most painful resort, when all other means have failed, for obtaining real or supposed justice. And when engaged in by any, the strife is not, as of old, regarded with indifference by surrounding nations ; it is considered as an evil to the contending parties, and to the world at large ; and other states, from just views of their own interest, and from a high principle of national brotherhood, interpose their good offices for its termination. Such is, and such must be, the tendency of an age, when the old and fierce prejudices of mankind are passing away before the rapidly extended facilities of mutual intercourse, —

when commerce connects the most distant lands in some bonds of common interest, and when the great civilizer, Christianity, is felt, more than ever before, as a principle of active benevolence, no less than of private piety.

It is not surprising, that, while such changes have occurred in the views and conduct of men in general, in regard to the custom of war, some, who shared in the prevalent feeling, should have been much more strongly affected by it than the community at large. Hence we trace the origin of the Peace Societies, which sprung up simultaneously in this country and in England, at the conclusion of the bloody wars which took their rise from the French Revolution. Whatever opinion may be formed respecting the particular views held by these societies, none can refuse to accord to their founders and promoters the praise of philanthropy in their undertaking, and of moderation and good temper, no less than indefatigable zeal, in its prosecution. With feelings strongly engaged upon a subject seemingly inseparable from politics, they have never, as far as we know, been accused of indulging in the spirit of political party; nor, though deriving their most powerful arguments from the Scriptures, have they exhibited that bitterness which is the besetting sin of religious controversialists. They have been consistently faithful to their own great principles of peace. May they ever so continue.

Yet willingly as we accord them this honor, it must be admitted, that the temper of the friends of peace has, thus far, been little tried by direct opposition, though, perhaps, fairly tested by a neglect which is still more hard to bear. Many have thought their organization useless; all, or nearly all, have admitted it to be benevolent in its intention and harmless in its results. Few or none, therefore, have thought it desirable to appear as opposers of a philanthropic society, even should they doubt the correctness of some of its principles, especially as they might thus seem to advocate the still more unpopular cause of war.

We are no opponents of the Peace Societies. We wish them God speed in their course of benevolence and usefulness. Yet, perhaps, it may rather advance than impede that cause, (supposing that our efforts are capable of affecting it at all,) if we point out some of the objections which are thought to exist against these institutions, and examine what degree of force they possess.

The objects, for which Peace Societies have been established in this country and elsewhere, are to collect and diffuse information relative to the evils of war, its inconsistency with the spirit of the Gospel, and the means, if any can be found, for diminishing these evils, and for removing war itself from the face of the earth ; and further, to form and concentrate public opinion upon these subjects, so that the people, powerful under any form of government, and sovereign in ours, may learn and act on the principle, that their best interests are identified with the preservation of peace. Among those associated for these objects, some hold the sentiment of the Society of Friends, that war, under any circumstances, is forbidden by Christianity ; but the majority, as far as has yet been ascertained, admit the lawfulness of such wars as are strictly defensive.

We need not spend much time in considering the question, whether the view last mentioned be correct. Resistance to invasion and oppression is so evidently authorized by the laws of nature, that none would think of censuring it, except under the idea that the natural liberty of man is limited by the direct command of heaven. To revelation, then, lies the appeal ; and when it is remembered, that the first and still sacred revelation authorized not only defensive but offensive wars, and those sanguinary to a degree which modern customs would not tolerate, it is evident that in the New Testament, if anywhere, must the prohibition be found.

And we may be told that it is found there, in the precepts of love and gentleness given by the Savior. "I say unto you that ye resist not evil." "Love your enemies, do good to them that curse you, and pray for those that despitefully use you and persecute you." We admit the force of this, and much elsewhere, of our holy Redeemer's language. We admit, fully, the duty of exercising benevolent sentiments, and doing good, so far as is in our power, to all mankind. We admit that it may be often the duty of private individuals, and was of those whom our Lord addressed, to submit unresistingly to persecutions of every kind ; but we do not think that the spirit or the letter of the Gospel requires the magistrate to abstain from punishing guilty individuals ; nor do we believe that he prohibits the rulers of nations from defending those rights of which they are the sworn guardians, by the only means in their power. But public opinion is so decided on this subject, that extended argument is unnecessary. Defensive wars, then, are justifiable ; and, as

no nation at the present day engages in hostilities, except on the ground of defending some real or supposed rights, the question of the lawfulness of war is one which must be settled by the national conscience, not once for all, but in each particular instance, in reference to that case alone.

If we admit that war is sometimes justifiable, it must be viewed as a state of things which, though in itself evil, may, under certain circumstances, become necessary to prevent or terminate still greater evils. And for such necessity a wise nation will always be prepared. This very preparation will be most likely to prevent the occasion from arising. If a people be known to be able and willing to defend their rights, those rights will be respected. It is on this principle, that our last war with England is justly considered as having had a successful termination, though the grievance which chiefly led to it, — the impressment of our seamen, — was not even alluded to in the treaty of peace. There was no occasion to allude to it. We had shown that the grievance was one which we would not submit to, and could successfully resist. In case of future war between England and any other power, no British minister will be mad enough to renew this oppression on our commerce, under the certainty of adding us to the number of his country's enemies.

To be prepared at all times for war is, then, among the most effectual means of preserving peace. But it can only be so, if the nation be content with the consciousness of strength and the security of her just rights, not dazzled by the false glitter of military glory. War must be viewed, as, at the best, a necessary evil; preferable, indeed, to the loss of independence, — preferable to that continued submission to injustice, which would encourage new and repeated aggression, — yet an evil in itself, among the greatest with which Providence permits this world to be afflicted. To promote this rational view, is a legitimate object for the exertion of influence by Peace Societies; and there is but little danger, that these should infuse too unwarlike a spirit into the people. The first notes of the drum, which shall call on our citizens to defend rights actually and dangerously assailed, will awaken enough of military ardor, notwithstanding all the representations that can be made of the evils of war. And if our soldiers go forth, when occasion requires, feeling that it is to a stern and painful, though necessary, duty, they will be more likely to fight bravely and successfully,

than if they regarded war as a pastime, or with the selfish aim of individual aggrandizement.

No objection of importance, then, can be brought against the organization of Peace Societies, from their possible influence in weakening the military spirit of the people. But perhaps a more serious argument against them may be drawn from the danger, that in time of actual or impending war, these institutions may become connected with the party politics of the day. Their tracts, addresses, meetings, in favor of peace, will be unexceptionable, so long as no subject of a practical nature is before the public, on the decision of which they can be supposed to bear; but let the important question arise of peace or war between our own and some foreign country, and there will seem scarce a choice left to these philanthropic bodies, but either to dissolve their association, or to connect their advocacy of peace with the exciting topic of the day. And under such circumstances, such is the strong influence of the principle of Association, in rendering the object for which men have associated of paramount importance in their minds to every other, that there is great reason to fear for the correctness of the decision which any body of men, thus circumstanced, would form. It may be said, and there is truth in the remark, that so great is the importance of peace, and so strong the impulse which induces numbers of the human race to wish for war, that it is well for as strong an influence as can be legitimately exerted, to be thrown into the opposite scale. Yet, let it not be forgotten, that there are blessings more valuable than peace itself, — liberty, justice, truth. He who feels that it is the duty of every citizen to give an unprejudiced vote in great national emergencies, will, if he enters into combination with others, to give general currency to the principles of peace, be careful at the same time to maintain the liberty, and to feel the undiminished responsibility of his own will; and, if an occasion arise demanding vigorous action on the part of his country, he will form his own opinion and line of conduct, unbiased by his accidental connexion with others, as a calm and philanthropic Christian, indeed, but not the less as a patriotic citizen.

The associations of the friends of peace stand, indeed, upon similar ground with most of those philanthropic societies, which constitute so marked a feature of our age. All these associations are liable to abuse, chiefly from what has already been observed, that men, united for any one purpose, naturally learn

to regard that object as superior to all others, instead of estimating it in the due proportion of importance which it possesses. Hence have arisen many deplorable errors. But shall this powerful instrument of Association be rejected, because it may be abused? Is such our usual course with reference to other means of doing good? Do we cease to distribute the Scriptures, because we know that "the unlearned and unstable wrest them to their own destruction"? And because some advocates of the temperance cause may have used intemperate language, must we close our eyes to the great results which have attended the organized efforts in that cause for several years past? No. We may fitly compare this power of association, which has done and is doing so much for the moral improvement of the world, to the energy of steam, which has effected such changes in the physical condition of man, and in the prospects of society. We hear, with deep sympathy, of the loss of life, and the complicated suffering, which have resulted from the criminal abuse or neglect of controlling that mighty agent, in particular cases; but we think not of ceasing, on that account, to bend to our will this destructive energy. It is impossible that we should. The world cannot thus retrograde. As impossible is it that an intelligent people should relinquish the mighty moral power of associations, because that power may, at times, be abused. But they will take heed not to relinquish to these associations their individual freedom of opinion and of will,—they will strive still to view every subject of public interest fairly, estimating the comparative importance of each by the just standard of reason and of Scripture.

In particular should such caution be employed by those, whose sacred profession would render them doubly censurable, should they descend from the discussion of immortal principles of truth and duty, to the ephemeral strife of party politics. We are not of those, indeed, who think that a clergyman may not have an opinion beyond his study and his pulpit. He is not disfranchised by his profession; he has, as well as others, the rights and the duties of a citizen. But between the calm exercise of those rights and discharge of those duties, and the character of a political champion, there is a wide interval, which we trust the good sense of the American clergy and people will forever preserve. Whether it be the duty of a minister to connect himself or not with a society organized for so important, yet so political an object, as the suppression of

war, must be for every such individual to decide for himself ; but if any be in doubt on such a point, he may be consoled by the reflection, that he can yet serve the cause of peace in the regular discharge of his own professional duty. In extending the influence of the Gospel, in enforcing the law of love, the fundamental principle of Christianity, he is exerting a power to which none can object, and coöperating with those combined efforts which may, perhaps, with more propriety and efficiency, be committed to secular hands.

We know not of any argument, beside those above considered, which can be brought with even the appearance of reason, against the associations of the friends of peace. The assertion, that their labors are useless, that they cannot contribute materially to the accomplishment of their object, is one of that class of discouraging predictions, much easier made than shown to be probable, and which, if believed in, would put an end to all exertion for the good of mankind. In our opinion, the very fact that such societies have been established, has done good. The few voices already raised against the custom of war, have been heard far and wide, and not heard in vain. The publications of the Peace Societies may have reached comparatively few ; but the fact, that an attempt is making to free the earth from one of its most appalling evils, has become known and appreciated by thousands. That they can accomplish the immediate abandonment of war, is impossible ; that their efforts will coöperate powerfully with the other causes now at work, under God's providence, in diminishing its horrors, and gradually banishing it from the world, is not only possible, but probable, — we had almost said certain. God speed them in their noble work !

The associated friends of peace have directed their attention to devising a plan for settling, without recourse to arms, those controversies between nations, which now too frequently terminate in war. Their favorite idea is, that of a council, composed of delegates from all civilized nations, to whom such disputes should be referred. We think they have been unfortunate in their choice of a remedy, and that a more simple and practicable plan, more consistent with the liberty of the respective nations, and with the general interests of the world, may be adopted ; — nay, that it is even now, in many cases, acted on, and only requires some few and simple regulations, to render it of general utility. We refer to the employment of

arbitration, or mediation, by some power friendly to both contending parties.

Our objections to the establishment of a Congress of Nations are, that it must either be inefficient for the objects it is designed to accomplish, or, if armed with power to carry its decrees into effect, that its organization will be inconsistent with the independence of the respective states, with the progress of liberty, and even with the permanent establishment of peace itself.

Unless armed with power, such a tribunal must be inefficient. If it is a congress of sovereigns, or of ambassadors, authorized to act in all cases, if it has troops directly at its own disposal, or if it may call on one or more of its supporters for military assistance, its decisions may, for a time at least, meet submission. Were it even invested with a high degree of that moral power, that influence over public opinion, which marks the movements of a nation, it might be authoritative. A congress of sovereigns and plenipotentiaries would command respect, even if it were certain their decisions never would be enforced by arms. It is on this principle, of the factitious dignity of the judge, that arbitration rests. Any man, of common sense, could have decided the late question between the United States and France, as well as the king or the prime minister of England; and would, practically, have had equal power to enforce his decision; for the British nation never would sanction a war to give effect to a mediation. Why, then, did the parties respect the intervention of England? Because the mediator was one whose aid it was not beneath their dignity to accept; it was not the king personally, nor his ministers, nor his ambassadors; it was England, mighty England, who offered herself as a common friend. But a congress, or a court, of mere private individuals, not representing their respective nations, because not authorized to act for those nations, or bind them in support of their decisions, — a court, simply, to judge such cases as should be brought before it, and without power to do more than recommend its determinations to the contending parties, — the world is not yet wise enough to submit to the decrees of such a board of respectable private gentlemen, the only tribunal on earth possessed of no physical power, unless, indeed, we make an exception in favor of the Ecclesiastical Councils of Massachusetts.

But if such a tribunal were, for any length of time, submitted

to, it would soon acquire physical power. If it were a court of private individuals at first, it would be a very different body at the end of ten years. The fiend of ambition is not laid yet. Pretexts would not be wanting, upon which this court of nations might found a claim to control the armies and navies of its mighty constituents. In the very first instance in which such a court should decide against powerful injustice, if its decision was not obeyed, would not all the better feelings of humanity prompt the nations to carry that decision into effect, at the sword's point? This they might properly do, of their own sovereign choice; but if it were to uphold the decision of the grand tribunal of arbitration, that moment they would establish a sovereignty over themselves. The support, voluntarily given at first, would afterwards be requested; and if such requests were long complied with, it would soon be demanded as a matter of established right. Then let any nation disobey the mandates of the supreme Tribunal, and the standing armies of all the neighboring powers would be put in motion, to reduce it into order, under the specious pretext of maintaining the peace of the world. Will it be said, that the nations would know their own true interests better? We believe it, indeed, and the result we have already pointed out, in the entire inefficiency of the proposed tribunal; but if it were efficient, if its decrees were submitted to, it must be by a relinquishment of independence on the part of the different states.

And let no one suppose, that this relinquishment would only extend to the right of making war. If the Tribunal had acquired the right of forcibly suppressing wars between the members of the great republic of nations, it would soon claim that of allaying intestine disturbances in the respective states. Civil wars are not less fierce than foreign; and the benevolence of the great council would surely interpose, to stop the effusion of blood; nor could this be done in any way so effectually, as by the presence of an overwhelming force. Now, though we would that the progress of reform could always be gradual and tranquil, we yet hold to the faith of our ancestors, that, when evils become insufferable, a revolution is necessary, though it may be accompanied with bloodshed. We believe, too, that, if foreign powers undertake, by force, to oppose the struggles of a people resolved on freedom, all they can effect will be to continue the contest for ages, with immense slaughter, while, otherwise, it might have been briefly and happily ended.

"For Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

We should then, regard, as an event of sad omen, the intervention of this Council of the world, to maintain the peace of Germany or Italy, against the efforts of the people themselves.

It will be seen, that, if the above remarks are just, the establishment of such a council would not even secure the object for which it is proposed, that of peace. We cannot believe that the whole world would submit tamely to its sway; — then, indeed, there would be peace, the dead tranquillity of despotism. The new principle of preserving peace will be like the old idea of the balance of power, — a shadow, to secure which, nations, in former days, squandered the substantial means of greatness and independence. The balance of power, and the blessing of peace, are alike best secured, not by arbitrary arrangements for the purpose, but by a just, friendly, yet dignified and independent course pursued by each nation towards the rest.

But the experiment of an International Tribunal is not altogether untried. The history of the world presents, at least, two instances of something approaching to that which has been recently proposed. The earlier of these may be found in the power claimed and exercised by the Popes, in the middle ages, to exercise control over sovereigns; and a more striking instance can hardly be imagined, to illustrate both the inefficiency of such a tribunal for the preservation of peace, and the danger resulting from it to the liberties of the respective states. Concessions were made to this great spiritual power, by the different monarchs, or extorted from them, deeply compromising their personal and political independence; and yet, if two of these same princes were engaged in war, and the supreme Pontiff interfered in the truly Christian character of a peace-maker, his voice, powerful as it was at other times, was unheeded amid the din of arms. Another instance, and still more in point, is furnished by the self-styled "Holy Alliance" of European sovereigns, organized with especial reference to the preservation of peace, and proving, in the end, a combination to put down every effort, which should be made by any of the nations, for the recovery or defence of their liberty. We have no desire, with these examples before us, to see the experiment of an international tribunal again repeated.

It is well, in all projected improvements, to study the course

of nature, and to identify with that, as far as possible, the efforts of our own art. The engineer would be regarded as mad, who should endeavor to construct a rail-road across some precipitous mountain, when a level route through broad valleys lay invitingly before him. And the philanthropist, in devising remedies for the evils of his day, will do well to watch the tendencies of society, and conform his plans to them, assuring himself that he will thus accomplish his object in the speediest and best manner. Such a course, in reference to the evils of war, is that indicated by the disposition of governments, in modern times, to refer subjects of dissension between them, to neutral powers, as arbiters or mediators. What reason can be assigned, why this mode of settling disputes, instead of being occasionally resorted to, if perchance one of the parties should desire it, should not be recognised by the common consent of nations, as in every case obligatory upon them? Let it be considered indispensable, before a state resorts to the law of force, that this mode of peaceably deciding every question be resorted to. And since nations, like individuals, are little disposed for peaceful measures, at the moment when they consider their rights as invaded, let advantage be taken of the period of peace, to prepare for that of hostile feeling. Why should not a section be inserted in all the treaties of our country with foreign powers, providing that, in case of future difficulties between the high contracting parties, neither nation shall have recourse to arms, until the methods of arbitration and mediation shall both have been tried and have failed? Were our country to set this glorious example, would not other powers soon perceive the reasonableness, the safety, the humanity, and the dignity of a similar course? Soon would our conduct be imitated, and a most powerful security given to the peace of the world.

But whether such decided steps are taken by our country, or not, we have the satisfaction of believing, that the public opinion of the world at large will soon enforce the general adoption of this principle. A war now is not, as in former days, an affair only of the two nations engaged in it. It affects others also, commercially and politically. France cannot blockade Mexico, but that English and American merchants share in the suffering. The peace of all becomes, therefore, the interest of all. The voice of interest, then, will be listened to; and not that voice alone. There is a more generous spirit arising in the world; the traces are disappearing of that political bigotry,

which, of old, made foreigner and enemy synonymous terms. The divine law of love is beginning to be applied to public, as well as private morals. We trace, in these things, the hand of Providence, and rejoicing to observe, and endeavoring humbly to coöperate with its movements, we commit to it, with cheerful confidence, the destiny of a world, for which, in its own good time, it is preparing the blessing of permanent and universal peace.

Since writing the above remarks, we have been favored with the perusal of the Report, presented to the House of Representatives, by Mr. Legaré of South Carolina, on behalf of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The subject of the report was a memorial, from the New York Peace Society and others, desiring the government to exert its influence for the establishment of a Congress of Nations, authorized to promulgate a code of public law. The opinion of the committee is the same which has been presented in these pages, sustained by forcible arguments and historical illustrations. It is shown, with great distinctness, that the proposal could not, at present, receive universal consent ; — that if it were, however, adopted, and any respect paid to the decisions of the new international tribunal, more harm than good would probably result from it. The instance of the Amphictyonic Council, in ancient Greece, which had been adduced by the memorialists, in favor of their views, is itself brought forward as a warning against them ; — since that body, which possessed little or no efficiency in preserving peace, while the power of the states was equally balanced, became, at a later period, an instrument in the hands of Philip, to aid his ambitious designs.

The Report thus concludes :

“ Your Committee, therefore, do not think the establishment of a permanent international tribunal, under the present circumstances of the world, at all desirable ; but they heartily concur with the memorialists, in recommending a reference to a third power of all such controversies, as can safely be confided to any tribunal unknown to the constitution of our own country. Such a practice will be followed by other powers, already inclined, as we have seen, to avoid war, and will soon grow up into the customary law of civilized nations. They conclude, therefore, by recommending to the memorialists to persevere in exerting whatever influence they may possess over public opinion, to dispose it habitually to the accommodation of national differ-

ences without bloodshed ; and to the House the adoption of the following resolution :

“ *Resolved*, That the Committee be discharged from the further consideration of the subject referred to them.”

While the sentiments expressed in this report are prevalent among our rulers, we have no cause to fear that our present peaceful relations with the world will soon be disturbed. One suggestion only would we wish to see added to those of the enlightened committee, — that our nation, now in the enjoyment of peace with all mankind, should improve the present opportunity to make arrangements, by treaty, with all other civilized powers, for the employment of arbiters or mediators, upon any difficulty which may, in future, arise, before resort shall be had, by either party, to those warlike measures, which can only be justified when no other means remain for maintaining national security and honor.

ART. IV. — 1. *The Life of William Wilberforce.* By his sons, ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE, M. A., Vicar of East Farleigh, and SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, M. A., Rector of Brighstone. In five volumes. London. 1838.

2. *Strictures on a Life of William Wilberforce, by Rev. R. I. Wilberforce, and Rev. S. Wilberforce.* By THOMAS CLARKSON, M. A. London. 1838. pp. 136.

FROM the title of this latter work by that venerable philanthropist Thomas Clarkson, our readers will at once infer, that the copious memoir of Mr. Wilberforce by his sons has not passed without censure. And from the significant motto adopted by Mr. Clarkson, in his title page, “*Neque premendo alium me extulisse velim*,” may as easily be inferred the nature of the complaint, which, with much reason and equal reluctance, he has been compelled to urge against the children of his ancient friend. The first sentences of his work convey, in simple and touching expressions, the feelings which constrained his publication :

“I did not expect, in the seventy-ninth year of my age, to be

called upon to defend the correctness of any part of my 'History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade,' published thirty years ago, against any one, and least of all against two of the sons of my late revered friend, Mr. Wilberforce. My history was in his hands for twenty-five years before his death, and he, who was well acquainted with all the material facts recorded in it as they occurred, never himself intimated that it contained any misstatements. The charges made against me, in the 'Life,' resolve themselves substantially into this one, that I have claimed for myself an honor, due to Mr. Wilberforce alone, in suggesting or executing the measures, which led to the successful result of that great undertaking,—the Abolition of the Slave Trade."—*Strictures*, p. 1.

That this charge was unfounded, and that the sons of Mr. Wilberforce, in a natural partiality, but certainly a mistaken zeal for the fame of their father, have treated injuriously his fellow-laborer, seems to us clearly proved; and believing, that in his various philanthropic labors, continued through a long life, amidst many perplexities and obstacles, Mr. Clarkson was in an eminent degree single-minded and disinterested, it is not certainly to the credit of these brothers, that they have compelled him in his old age, on the very verge of four-score, to refute an accusation so seriously affecting his reputation. For, next to the grossest hypocrisy, making prayers and confessions to be heard of men, is the converting a professed labor of benevolence into a selfish struggle for fame; and it has been by some disgusting minglings of this sort, that the sacred cause of charity itself has too often been dishonored.

Believing, then, that the friends of Mr. Clarkson, whom his many virtues, and a long exemplary life, have made not few, in this as well as in his native country, cannot but sympathize with him in the injury, of which he meekly complains, we turn to the book which has been the occasion of it. And here it is curious to remark the diversity of opinions pronounced of this Memoir, and the distinguished subject of it, according as political or religious biases have prevailed in shaping the judgment. The impartial reader may weigh them all; and he will find ample scope for reflection in the volumes themselves. For in addition to the unavoidable partiality of filial affection, in this instance easily exalted to reverence, the compilers—they are not to be called authors—have thrown together, with surprising carelessness, a mass of materials, drawn from the

diaries, correspondence, and loose papers of all sorts, left by their father, much of which he could never have thought of presenting to any eyes but his own ; recording, with a dash of his pen, the warm emotions of one who, though singularly upright and pure, was as singularly a creature of impulse, and revealing, therefore, as might be anticipated, a various and not always consistent view of his character. To these sources of error must be added that tendency to coloring and exaggeration, so common and so fatal in biography ; and which it would be surprising indeed if these affectionate sons had entirely resisted.

But we hasten to the Memoir. It is of one, whose name, beyond that of most men who have been numbered with the great, is familiar to the Christian world. For nearly half a century it has been identified with the cause of religion and humanity, and the best interests of mankind. The history of Mr. Wilberforce is remarkable as the history of an individual, who, under a monarchy where hereditary rank or public station is usually essential to a wide influence, impressed himself upon his age ; and, with no higher official distinction than that of a Member of the British House of Commons — a distinction honorable, it is true, and not without power, but shared by more than six hundred individuals — accomplished one of the most important moral changes recorded in the history of the times.

At the same time, Wilberforce enjoyed some signal advantages for the career which he so long and honorably pursued. He was the descendant of an ancient house, who, from the time of Henry the Second, were distinguished among the gentry, though not nobles, of Yorkshire. The township of Wilberfoss, as it was formerly called, in which his family lived for several generations, gave him his mansion and his name, and he entered upon life under all those advantages, — every one of which is appreciated to the full in England, — that come from ancient descent, from hereditary wealth, from early indications of genius, aided by a generous system of education, from early and intimate friendships with the great, and from natural dispositions remarkably fitted to conciliate personal affection and even tender love.

“ Of his earlier years,” say his sons, “ little is recorded. His frame from infancy was feeble, his stature small, his eyes weak, a failing which, with many natural endowments, he in-

herited from his mother. It was one among the many expressions of his gratitude, in after life, that he was not born in less civilized times, when it would have been thought impossible to rear so delicate a child. But with these bodily infirmities were united a vigorous mind, and a temper eminently affectionate. 'I shall never forget,' said a frequent guest at his mother's, 'how he would steal into my sick room, taking off his shoes lest he should disturb me, and, with an anxious face, looking through my curtains to learn if I was better.'"

At seven years old, he was sent to the Grammar School of Hull, of which Joseph Milner, the author of a singular Church History, was master. Hence, we presume, the origin of that friendship with Isaac, the brother of Joseph, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, and master of Queen's, Cambridge, which exerted upon the mind of young Wilberforce a very important religious influence. Of his near family connexions was the celebrated John Thornton, who took great delight in his young nephew; and an incident is related as forming a striking feature in his character in after life, that, on one occasion, his liberal uncle, with whom he was travelling, made him a present much exceeding the usual amount of a boy's possessions, with an intimation that "some good part of it should be given to the poor." It is not less useful than pleasant to mark the circumstances, apparently trivial, by which in early life, the traits of character, that are to distinguish the individual, are formed.

Both at school and at Cambridge University, which he entered at seventeen, the youth gave clear indication of the man. By the death of his father, in 1768, and soon afterwards of his grandfather, and of his uncle, to whose care he had been committed, he became the master of an independent fortune, under his mother's sole guardianship. While yet a child, his elocution was so remarkable, that his master used to lift him upon a table, and make him read aloud to the other boys as an example. This was the young voice, that, by its clear, musical, persuasive tones, was afterwards to instruct and charm in St. Stephens, and to hold a vast Yorkshire multitude, as we shall hereafter see, at his word. It was astonishing at what distances, without much apparent effort, but only by the distinctness and clearness of his utterance, Mr. Wilberforce could be heard.

The same social qualities, by which he became an universal favorite, marked his college life. At first he fell into dissi-

pated society, which he soon, however, abandoned as not congenial to his taste. For his last two years at Cambridge, he was the centre and the charm of a better circle. "There was nobody like him," writes his friend Rev. T. Gisborne, "for powers of entertainment. Always fond of repartee and discussion, he seemed entirely free from vanity and conceit." Money, of which he had a free command, he spent, as he spent it ever after, till he lost his fortune, in a frank, generous hospitality, in breakfasts, dinners, and other ways of making those around him happy. "There was always a great Yorkshire pie in Wilberforce's rooms," says a college friend, "and all were welcome to partake of it." We think we can almost see him, — his little form not bent, as in his old age, but graceful as it was delicate, his countenance bright with intelligence and kindness, — inviting to his bountiful but not luxurious cheer, and not discouraged by the liberties that were taken with it.

His religious character, while a youth, was not decidedly formed. His Yorkshire connexions, people, for the most part, of wealth and fashion, partook, in their modes of life, of the freedom of the times. And young Wilberforce, whose gayety of heart and social dispositions made him nothing loth, was their constant and welcome guest. "Hull was then," says he, in some notices of his early life, "as gay a place as could be found out of London. The theatre, balls, great suppers, and card parties, were the delight of the principal families of the town. The usual dinner hour was at two, and *at six they met at sumptuous suppers*. This mode of life was at first distressing to me, but by degrees I acquired a relish for it, and became as thoughtless as the rest. As grandson to one of the principal inhabitants, I was everywhere invited and caressed. My voice and love of music made me still more acceptable."

From an aunt, who was a great admirer of Whitefield, and kept up a friendly intercourse with the earlier Methodists, he had imbibed when a boy some religious impressions, which his mother, a woman of vigorous understanding and a highly cultivated mind, but as he describes her, "an Arch-bishop Tillotson Christian," (would that all were such,) was fearful would prove injurious. Some of his other friends spared no pains to stifle them, and "no pious parent," writes he, "ever labored more to impress a beloved child with sentiments of piety, than they did to give me a taste for the world and its diversions." These

efforts, it must be acknowledged, were for a time successful. At college he lived much in the society of the Fellows, who complimented him for his abilities, but encouraged his dissipation. "Why in the world should a man of your fortune trouble himself with all this fagging," was the language of their friendship. In London,—that great theatre of wisdom and folly, of all vice and of all goodness,—he soon became intimate with the Duke of Norfolk, (of whom, at his very first meeting, he won at cards twenty-five guineas!) with Pitt, then like himself a very young man, and Fox, with other kindred spirits. At Brookes's, which was one of the five clubs to which he belonged, he for the first time "joined from mere shyness at the Faro table," and a brief diary of this period records more than once the loss of a hundred pounds.

The vice of gaming seems, indeed, to have exerted for a short time its usual fascination even upon the mind of Wilberforce. But he was rescued from it by the natural kindness of his heart. On one occasion, he rose the winner of no less a sum than six hundred pounds. Much of this was lost by young men who were only heirs to future fortunes; and who could not, therefore, meet such a call without inconvenience. The pain he felt at their annoyance cured him of a taste, which seemed but too likely to become predominant.

But great as were the temptations that surrounded him, he appears to have yielded to no gross indulgences. Lord Clarendon, his intimate friend at college and through life, thus describes him: "He had never in the smallest degree a dissolute character, however short his early habits might be of that constant piety and strictness, which were soon perfected in his happy disposition." And in recurring in after life to this commencement of his career, he says, with the honesty that was as conspicuous in him as his humility, that "though he could not look back upon this period without unfeigned remorse, yet he had rather to deplore neglected opportunities of moral and intellectual improvement, than vicious practices or abandoned principles."

Even while he was a student at the University, he resolved to engage in public life. He had inherited from his grandfather a large commercial establishment at Hull, which during his minority had been managed for him by his cousin, Mr. Smith. But his ample fortune from this and other sources, and a taste for intellectual pursuits, gave a different direction to his thoughts;

and, declining any cares of business, he offered himself as a candidate for the representation of his native town in Parliament. This was in 1780, when he had hardly attained the age of freedom. Every circumstance connected with the beginnings of greatness can hardly fail of awakening interest, and therefore it is pleasant to relate one or two incidents of this beardless statesman, which he himself, with the gayety that even old age could not quench, was fond of relating. "When I first canvassed the town, there lived at Hull a fine athletic fellow, a butcher, named John, or, as they used to call him, Johnny Bell. I rather shrunk from shaking hands with him, saying to one of my staunch supporters, that I thought it going rather too low for votes. 'O sir,' was his reply, 'he is a fine fellow, if you come to bruising.' The day following the election, this butcher came to me privately and said, 'I have found out who threw the stone at you, and I'll kill him to-night.' The threat was seriously intended, and I was forced to suppress his zeal by suggesting that it would be too severe a punishment for what had proved, after all, a harmless attempt; adding 'you must only frighten him.'"

The incident is of use not merely as belonging to the history of Wilberforce, but as illustrating the coarse and barbarous manners of some of the lower classes of England only fifty years since, and the weapons of warfare employed in their popular elections. Great changes have since been wrought, partly through the influence of Sunday Schools, in the morals and habits of the working classes in Great Britain, and assuredly there was room and need, for nothing is more revolting than the profligacy and brutal violence, which marked their festivities and political struggles even many years after this period.

Another incident, less disagreeable, but showing the manners of the times, and recording one of the many abuses, which have since been the subject of reform, is gathered from this narrative. After a successful canvass on the spot, he repaired to London, where about three hundred freemen resided in the vicinity of the river, probably as boatmen, coal-heavers, &c., all of whom he entertained at suppers in the different public houses of Wapping; *and by his addresses to them first gained confidence in public speaking.* His success in his first attempts was no insignificant token of the brilliancy of his future course. The election cost him, it is true, between eight and nine thousand pounds; but he was returned as

representative of Hull by a very flattering majority, and thus commenced a career which for more than forty years he pursued with so much disinterestedness and usefulness and honor.

But his native place was not permitted long to appropriate him. Whatever pride its people may have felt in the opening character and fame of their youthful representative, they were soon called to resign him to a wider and more appropriate sphere. In May, 1784, after a severe contest, in which his friends had to contend against the mighty influence and boundless wealth of the Whig nobility, the Devonshires, the Fitzwilliams, and others, leading men of the county, Mr. Wilberforce took his seat as member for Yorkshire. The result of an election, so powerfully contested, and in all previous cases so enormously expensive as to require nothing less than the revenues of princes, astonished every one but himself. But kindling with "that internal consciousness of power, by which great men are prepared for high attempts, he had secretly presaged the actual issue." The intrepidity and eloquence he exhibited, and all the measures he pursued, were worthy of the occasion and of his signal success. No wonder that he has recorded it in his Diary as among the most eventful passages of his life. Having hastened from London to Yorkshire, secretly determined to take at once the head of the party, he reached York the evening before the election. Of the next day he thus writes: "March 25. Up early — at York tavern; cold hailing day. Castle Yard meeting from ten to half past four. Messenger came to me there." This was an express from Mr. Pitt in London, announcing to him important intelligence touching the business of the day. "The great men all drove up in their coaches and six; an immense body of free-holdiery present. The distinguished men of both sides had been heard, of whom, and among his opponents, were the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Carlisle, Lords Cavendish and Fitzwilliam. The day was far advanced and the listeners were growing weary of the contest. At length, — we take the words of his biographers, —

"Mr. Wilberforce mounted the table, from which under a great wooden canopy the various speakers had addressed the meeting. The weather was so bad, that it seemed as if his slight frame would be unable to make head against its violence. The castle yard, too, was so crowded, that men of the greatest physical powers had been scarcely audible. Yet such was the

magic of his voice and the grace of his expression, that by his very first sentence he arrested, and for above an hour he enchaind the attention of the surrounding multitude. 'Danby tells me,' writes a friend to him, 'that you spoke like an angel; and that I hear from many others.' The disadvantage of his slight form was forgotten in the force and animation of his eloquence. 'It is impossible,' says another who heard him, 'to forget his speech, or the effect which it produced.' 'I saw,' says Boswell, writing to Dundas, afterwards the too celebrated Lord Melville, 'what seemed a mere shrimp mount the table, but as I listened he grew and grew, until the shrimp became a whale.'"

Thus, before he had reached the age of twenty-five, Mr. Wilberforce attained the highest public station which he ever sought, or could be prevailed on to accept. Others, with less wealth and incomparably less power, have been rewarded with the honors of nobility or high and lucrative places. But from the first he determined to maintain his independence, and till his retirement from Parliament, which was in 1825, presented the very rare example of one, who, without joining himself absolutely to any party, preserved the respect and confidence of all. His early predilections and most of his intimacies were with the Tories, or the supporters of the Crown, by whom he was brought into office. His bosom friend was that Prince of tories and conservative statesmen, William Pitt. But this never prevented Mr. Wilberforce from giving his vote for or against the Ministry, as his judgment or his conscience dictated. And though he could not escape the trials, and sometimes had to endure the humiliations, which any man or angel pursuing such a course must inevitably suffer, he still maintained his integrity. His position, however, was at times exceedingly difficult, and needed all his firmness to sustain him. "When I went to the Levee," he writes, on one occasion, after he had been opposing some measures of the crown, "the King cut me." And again, "The Speaker's great dinner; all the *old firm* present. I not there." These and things like them, "the cold shoulder" of royalty, or the not being bidden to the Speaker's dinners, Wilberforce could bear. But it grieved his affectionate heart when his friend Pitt, fearing or suspecting his opposition, cast upon him his enquiring, withering glance, as he rose in his seat to speak; and it is evident how much he suffered, when the friendship which was so sincerely cherished, was exchanged, for a short season of unusual political struggle, to

coldness. But this is the hard lot of politicians, and of all who take counsel of their consciences rather than of their party. With men of inferior gifts, or inferior moral power, the standing aloof from party is usually at the serious hazard of their influence. There are few, indeed, who, on the great questions either of religion or government most keenly agitated amongst men, choose to act by themselves, but are made to see by some humbling method, how easily the rest of the world can go on without them. Wilberforce was of the chosen few. His personal worth, his persuasive eloquence, his insinuating address, his shrewd discernment, and the exquisite sweetness of his temper, carried him successfully through conflicts with himself and his friends, which have been fatal to many. He was in truth too rich a prize for all parties to be lightly lost hold of, even for a moment, by that which claimed him for its own. Not seldom did he disappoint, and even incense his friends by joining their opponents. But they knew his integrity, and they knew also his wisdom. If his course was glorious, so also it must not be forgotten were his gifts. But it is not every man who may choose to follow the example, that may hope for a like triumph.

We of this age think of Mr. Wilberforce chiefly as the eloquent orator in the House of Commons, as the founder and munificent patron of charities, as the bold and uncompromising enemy of slavery, as the generous liberator of Africa, as the pious and exemplary Christian. And these are the honored names he bears, and by which he will not cease to be known, as long as genius and virtue and philanthropy have a place in the world. But we love to dwell also on his youth. And never was there a more laughter-loving, more mirth-making creature than he; the very life of every circle he entered, whether at college or at court, and sure to delight by his joyous countenance, his wit, and his playful, but invariably gentle and benevolent ways. Who would have dreamt that when a young man he "was an admirable mimic, and, until reclaimed by the kind severity of the old Lord Camden, would often set the table in a roar by his perfect imitation of Lord North." His accomplishments in singing, too, were such as are seldom possessed without some hazard. "Wilberforce, we must have you again; the Prince (afterwards that profligate monarch George the Fourth) says he will come at any time to hear you sing," was the flattery which he received after his first meeting with

the Prince of Wales, in 1782, at the luxurious soirées of Devonshire-house.

We cannot therefore wonder, that his biographers represent this as the most critical period of his course. For when we consider the temptations besetting a young man of wealth and powerful connexions, with strong social propensities, a keen taste moreover for the ludicrous, and a gift at mimicry, it is easy to see that, in such a society as that of the wits of London, he was exposed to no small temptation. He himself, in a letter addressed some years after to an early friend, refers to it with expressions of remorse and fervent gratitude to the Providence that rescued him. And he had reason for such thankfulness; for though as he himself declares "he was far enough from being licentious, and was rather complimented on being better than young men in general," yet it must have been difficult to a young man, courted as he was, and a member at the same time of five London clubs, to escape wholly the contagion of such society. His journal at this period, which his sons have transcribed with a strange want of judgment, contains, with some brief and unsatisfactory allusions to public affairs, notices like these :

"Oct. 25th. To London, about one o'clock in the morning. Supped at Goostree's, bed half past three.

"28th. Kemble, Hamlet, and Goostree's.

"Nov. 1st. Pitt and Eliot came in at four; dined and slept. Pitt stayed all day.

"Nov. 8th. Eliot and Pitt came to dinner, and all night.

"28th. Dined Tom Pitt's; Mrs. Crewe — charming woman.

"29th. Went to see Mrs. Siddons — Mrs. Crewe at play.

"30th. Dined Lord Chatham's; — House: — wrote for ladies to go to the gallery, but disappointed."

At another time he writes,

"31st. Pitt resigned to-day. Dined Pitt's, — then Goostree's (Hotel), — there supped. Bed almost three o'clock."

And this, and a later, was no unusual hour for his repose. Through his life Wilberforce loved *sitting up*, — a habit unavoidable to a faithful member of Parliament during the sessions, but suiting also his social turn, which found no season so congenial to its indulgence, and no conversation so animated as that, which comes with midnight.

To his intimacy with Pitt, and the leading statesmen of the day, we have already adverted. It seems to have been at this period particularly close. They could occasionally take freedoms with his innocent peculiarities, but he was always a great favorite with them, an object of real affection as well as respect; and they were not slow, particularly Mr. Pitt, who was a bachelor, to avail themselves of his easy good-natured hospitality, a grace in which Mr. Wilberforce delighted, but which, with the natural facility of his temper, general habits of carelessness, and a boundless charity, issued at last in the ruin of his ample fortunes. The following note from Mr. Pitt shows the easy footing on which they lived, and the articles prescribed for the treat, (always expensive in a London market,) to which he and his friends invited themselves, mark their confidence in the generosity of their host:

“Eliot, Arden, and I will be with you before curfew, and expect an early meal of peas and strawberries. W. PITT.
House of Commons, half past four.”

But we turn to another, and a far more important view of the character of this excellent man. It is as a Christian and a philanthropist that Mr. Wilberforce will be regarded long after the conflicting political interests, in which he warmly engaged, shall have ceased, and when even those great objects of benevolence, to which beyond all others he devoted himself, shall have been fully accomplished. Though in that gayest period of his life, of which we have spoken, he never seems to have fallen into gross excesses, — one instance, perhaps, must be excepted, in which he appears to have been a witness or a partner at a Faro table on a Sunday, — yet to his joyous nature there were attractions in a life of fashion and dissipation, such as could be overcome by nothing but a stronger religious influence. That influence was soon to be experienced. And without entering into all the particulars of time and circumstances, on which his biographers dwell, it belongs to his history to state, that a friendship formed when he was about twenty-five years of age with Dr. Isaac Milner, (afterwards by his recommendation to the Prime Minister made Dean of Carlisle,) was the occasion of a decided change in his sentiments, and of awakening that absorbing interest in religious truth, that deep solicitude for his own spiritual welfare and that of all mankind, which was ever afterwards the controlling principle of his life.

In the character of Dr. Milner, thus distinguished in this memoir as the spiritual counsellor of Mr. Wilberforce, we cannot avoid noticing something extraordinary ; though the church, of which he was a warm disciple, and of whose rich endowments he shared, has never been without similar examples. His first decided influence on the mind of his young friend was exerted in the course of a journey of some months on the continent, in which by invitation of Mr. Wilberforce he became his travelling companion. Though a beneficed clergyman, and afterwards head of Queen's College, Cambridge, (the same which boasts of Erasmus among its eminent scholars,) he seems at this period to have "been in all respects like an ordinary man of the world ; and when," says Mr. Wilberforce in his journal, "I first engaged him as a companion of my tour, I knew not that he had any deeper principles. *He never thought of reading prayers during our whole stay at Nice.* He mixed like myself in all companies, and *joined as readily as others in the prevalent Sunday parties.*" And again, "Though his religious principles were even now, in theory, much the same as in later life, yet they had at this time little practical effect upon his conduct." It is added, however, "that he was free from every taint of vice."

This addition, though of great importance, still leaves a somewhat singular account of the individual, who was to exert so decided a religious influence on a mind like that of Wilberforce. Dr. Milner, — as we remember his form, proudly conspicuous among the Heads of Colleges on an Easter Sunday in the University Church at Cambridge, — was of a most portly frame, somewhat lordly in its bearings, and altogether justifying to the outward eye the impression, that *his* spiritual struggles must be with constitutional indolence, and that he was in no wise indisposed to the innocent relaxations of the combination room, or of a table like that of Mr. Wilberforce. But with all this, a frame which he could not help, and tastes thence accruing which it doubtless would be his care to regulate, he united, in common with the more celebrated Dr. Johnson, a fervent, solemn, churchman-like sense of religion ; counting nothing earthly quite so good as the excellent Liturgy of the Church of England ; insisting zealously on the interpretation of its articles ; and sincerely desirous, we doubt not, that all men might embrace them and be saved.

The first intimation Mr. Wilberforce received of the strong

religious convictions of his fellow-traveller was in a conversation on some work of Stillingfleet.* "I spoke of him as a good man, but one who carried things too far." "Not a bit too far," said Milner, and proceeded to insist on such strict views of religion, as surprised his friend, who adds, "had I known at first what his opinions were, it would have decided me against the offer."

But however unexpected, or even unwelcome, were the views thus enforced, they produced upon the susceptible mind of Mr. Wilberforce no ordinary or transient effect. They deeply impressed him at the time, and they remained with him through life. They led him gradually, however, and with no violence to his amiable temper, to separate from his gay associates, to withdraw from the clubs of which he had been a member; and their fruits afterwards appeared, in the daily study, faithfully pursued, of the Scriptures; in habits of strict self-examination and private devotion; in his serious attendance on public worship and observance of religious ordinances; and in the consecration of his eminent gifts, his ardent and honorable friendships, and the wide influence of his station to the promotion, in his own country and throughout the world, of Christian piety and charity. Henceforth, Mr. Wilberforce assumes the place, which for nearly half a century he so honorably filled as a *Christian statesman and philanthropist*. It was with these religious impressions, fresh in his heart, that he first, in 1785, took his place in the House of Commons as member for Yorkshire, and from this time, whatever his enemies might object to his politics or his creed,—however some might question his judgment or sneer at what they called his Methodism,—however Mr. Pitt, who really loved him, might have been provoked by his occasional going over to the opposition, or cursed in his heart the tenderness of conscience or unyielding integrity that deprived him of the vote of a county member,—however some may have ridiculed his projects for the reformation of manners, or even his charities, too numerous and generous to be in every instance cautiously bestowed,—however others may have laughed at his hospitalities, so wide and indiscriminate as

* Whether is intended here Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, the learned author of *Origines Sacre*, and Bishop of Worcester in the reign of Charles the Second, or, as we rather infer, some later, more practical writer, does not appear.

to include princes and paupers, Yorkshire constituents at breakfast and crack-brained reformers boring him with their plans for hours after it,* strangers of every degree and complexion, Madam de Staël, Andrew Fuller, and our own colored Prince Saunders; — spirits and bodies, white, black, and grey, — a hospitality, however, of which they who laughed at it were themselves but too happy to partake; — whatever, in fine, may have been objected to the circumstance, or form, or degree, in which his qualities may occasionally have been presented, — no one, we think, can be so prejudiced, as to deny to Mr. Wilberforce the character of a Christian indeed; of one, who “had the witness within himself;” whose “life was hidden with Christ in God,” while it was employed with singular industry, fidelity, and disinterestedness in the service of his fellow men. It was, also, his distinguished praise, and this was reserved for his closing scene, that while the prosperity of a long public career

* The following extracts from his Diary, taken without selection, may show the nature of his occupations, and how freely he subjected his purse and his time to the disposal of others:

“1812. Dec. 7. Breakfasters numerous and not clear from company till time to go to British and Foreign Bible Society. Then House. At night home with the Dean.

“Dec. 8th. Fuller of Kettering breakfasted and talked much about East Indian Gospel communication plan. Then to Manufacturers’ Committee. Duke of Kent in the chair, and very civil. Then Hatchard’s — letters — home to dinner. Stephen, Simeon, the Dean (Milner) and others. 12th. Forced to dine with Duke of Gloucester.

“30th. Owen of Lanark breakfasted with me and staid long, talking of his plan of education, and of rendering manufactures and morals compatible.” Again, “1815, April 1st. Spurzheim, the craniologist, here, and people talking about his system. May 3d. Anniversary of Bible Society. Robert Grant spoke beautifully. I, well received, but very moderate in real performance. 16th. Dr. Chalmers breakfasted with me. Inglis, old Symons, and others. Mr. H. rather bored me on the Catholic question. Callers in morning.”

“1818. Mr. Storer and Everett, Americans, breakfasted. Latter Greek Professor in their Cambridge University, — has been two years travelling. One year and a half at Gottingen University. He told me much of the skepticism of the Professors, — sad work — long talk with him.”

“1818. May 20th. General Boyd’s committee — to receive his answer.” And again, “July 4th. General Boyd this morning kept me above an hour.”

This gentleman, an American, formerly of Boston, had a claim on the British government for indemnification, for which he sought the aid of Mr. Wilberforce.

did not impair his humility, neither did the adversity of his declining days diminish in the least his cheerful gratitude or his unshaken trust in God.

Of the many evidences we might select of his religious character, we will mention his *reverence of the Sabbath*, and his conscientious separation of its hours from the labors and duties of his political life. There was, however, no superstition or formality mingled with his observances. He yielded to the claims of necessity, or propriety, and had too much good sense to make his piety contemptible, by adhering scrupulously to a form at the sacrifice of a pressing duty. Accordingly, he complied with the invitation, which with sovereigns is equivalent to a command, to attend the Emperor of Russia when in London, on a Sunday; and embraced the opportunity to recommend to him some object of philanthropy. He once set off from London on a Sunday noon, in a carriage and four with outriders, for Yorkshire, whither he was summoned by an express, which he received as he was going to church, and his own carriage not being in readiness, he accepted the offer of Mr. Pitt's, who well knew the importance of his departure. He reached York in season,* and the exultation of his friends as his carriage dashed before all others into the scene of action, and the triumphant result amply justified the extraordinary efforts he made. This was the occasion on which Boswell speaks of his diminutive frame and surpassing eloquence; and it afterwards appeared, that but for his personal presence and influence his opponents would have been for the time successful.

But with those rare exceptions, to which public duty compelled him to submit, he was from inclination and habit a devout observer of the Sabbath. Its repose and peaceful influences were precious to him. He anticipated them all the week, and he welcomed them when they came. And so impressed was he with their value to the intellectual as well as to the spiritual well-being, to the mind not less than to the heart, that when Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Whitbread, broken down by public cares and the anxieties of political life, in the dark hour of mental alienation, put an end to their own existence†, he expressed once and again his conviction, — and it

* A distance of two hundred miles. Mr. Wilberforce travelled at this time two nights and a day without stopping, and drove immediately to the hustings.

† Lord Castlereagh in 1814; Mr. Whitbread in July, 1815.

is worthy of being remembered by all who like them are engrossed by official duties, — that had these busy statesmen only allowed themselves the respite, which Sunday affords, from their exhausting occupations, they might have maintained the tranquillity of their spirits. The repose, and religious employment of one day in seven would have availed, he thought, to restore the balance of their minds, and their country might have been spared the calamity, and their friends the anguish, and the world the example of their self-destruction.

The distinguishing trait in the character of Mr. Wilberforce was his benevolence, his generous and ardent philanthropy. In no view that we may take of him, can this quality be overlooked. Nor was it manifested in his public career alone, but in innumerable instances, great and small, in his private life. On his unremitting, and finally successful efforts for the Abolition of the Slave Trade we need not dwell. The world knows, how from 1789, when he first introduced it in the House of Commons, to 1807, when Mr. Fox, his powerful coadjutor, proposed the abolition of Slavery itself, he consecrated to this his chosen work his heart and life; not his eloquence alone, which on no other subject was so lofty and persuasive, but his indefatigable industry and a patience, which, though often tried, was never subdued. True it is, and it would be absurd in the partial friends of Mr. Wilberforce to deny, that he had through the whole of these twenty years the very pride and glory of England for his help; and the prayers and praises of thousands to cheer him on. In the House of Commons, there were Pitt and Fox, Burke* and Sheridan, Grant and Brougham, forgetting in this cause their political differences, and yielding him the mighty aid of their counsels and their eloquence. Without the House, there was, to mention no other, Mr. Thomas Clarkson, whose effective and inestimable services, as seen at the beginning of this article, it became not Mr. Wilberforce's sons to disparage, and which their father himself, were he living, would, we are confident, be eager to acknowledge.

But the highest efforts of Christian benevolence are not those of general philanthropy. To one conscious of power, and

* Mr. Burke was not long in Parliament after the subject of Slavery was introduced. But he was in heart with Mr. Wilberforce, and on one occasion pronounced a splendid eulogium on his friend for his subduing eloquence in this cause.

endued with eloquence, such objects open an inviting field of ambition ; and there may be great zeal and noble speeches and even fatiguing efforts for suffering humanity, with a vast deal of selfishness and avarice at heart. Mr. Wilberforce, however, left no shadow of suspicion of this sort. His private charities were as remarkable as his public labors ; and in truth they were profuse to an excess, and not always bestowed with sufficient caution. His benevolence was proverbial, and exposed him to all sorts of applications, by person and by letter, far and near, not for money alone, which he sometimes threw away, but for counsel and recommendation and personal influence. His house in London was thronged with visitors of this sort, and it is surprising, that, with his official cares and perpetual calls to public meetings, where he seldom failed of making a speech, he still suffered his time and his sympathies to be at the command of almost every beggar and schemer and fugitive that chose to call. "Every one that was in debt, and every one that was in distress, and every one that was discontented gathered themselves unto him."

Some of these applications must have been extremely embarrassing. What, for example, could this most amiable of philanthropists have done with a young lady, who in some difference with her father left her home with her maid, and flew to Mr. Wilberforce, on whom, as far as appears, she had no manner of claim, exclaiming, "Mr. Wilberforce, I have run away !" Hardly less troublesome must have been the visits of persons — and they were not few — having claims on government and soliciting his help, or petitions to Parliament for relief, or wild schemes for the conversion of India, or some other distant quarter of the earth.

Other applications there were of a distressing nature, which to his susceptible heart must have given the utmost pain. We quote one or two instances from his journal :

"1815. April. An affecting visit from Mrs. B., the wife of an attorney of respectable station and connexions at Leeds, convicted of forgery, and to be hanged this day week. Poor thing ! I gave her no hopes ; and wrote to his friend at Leeds to tell him plainly that no hope of pardon, &c." He adds, "I once visited a poor wretch, whom nothing would persuade, that he should not through his friends obtain a pardon, whereas I knew, about ten at night, that he was to be hanged the next morning."

At another date, "To town, to find out Dr. B. from Yarmouth,

who had written for twenty pounds, *without which he with his wife would be ruined* — could learn nothing — so sent it doubtfully."

No less a personage than Madame de Staël, who had been greatly charmed with his conversation while on her visit to London, became also in a great pecuniary emergency an object of his sympathy.

"1815. March. Madame de Staël was to have received in two or three days two million livres, when Blacas, who was to have accompanied her to the French minister, wrote to her, that, from imperious circumstances, all payments stopped. She for a few days lost her head, and drove about wildly. Soon afterwards she returned to Copet."*

On the private and domestic virtues of Mr. Wilberforce it would be delightful to dwell. He was one of the most amiable of men; cheerful to gayety in his temper, delighting in society, of which he was always the charm, and his laughter hearty and contagious, like a child's. As the manner, however, of too many gentlemen in England is, he lived a bachelor till a somewhat advanced period of life, not marrying till he was thirty-eight. In his conjugal connexion, the fruit of which was six children, he appears to have been eminently happy. He was no stranger, however, to the usual allotments of domestic bereavements; for he buried his two only daughters, and of his other children only three survive him. Of his sons, his biographers, we should not infer from the work before us, that they inherited much of their father's genius, or from their controversy with Mr. Clarkson — though their clerical profession might have taught them better — much of their father's spirit; which was, as we have seen, the kindest and most generous in the world.

Like all men of right feelings and tastes, Mr. Wilberforce

* This celebrated lady was often in company with Mr. Wilberforce while on her visit to London, and said to Sir James Mackintosh that he "was the best converser she had met with." But it is curious to remark Mr. Wilberforce's own diary after a dinner party at her house, "I must not go on thus. I am clear that it is right for me to withdraw from the gay and irreligious society of Madame de Staël and others." — Vol. iv. p. 166.

found his choicest satisfactions at home.* It is enough to say of him, that in all the relations of life, he was faithful to his principles, and what in him was ample security for everything, he was faithful to his own excellent heart. But the engagements of his too busy life, his constant attendance on Parliament, which he numbered with his indispensable duties, and the incessant hurry in which he permitted himself to a fault, public meetings, and frequent journeyings kept him so much from his family, that it was only, as he complained, "in his summer retirement, that he could get acquainted with his own children." Once, his infant child beginning to cry as he took him into his arms, the nurse apologized for the fears of the little one, saying, "he always is afraid of strangers."

Of the tenderness, however, of his parental affection, and of the habitual sweetness of his temper, we find a very pleasing incident related among some "*Recollections of Mr. Wilberforce*," by one who knew him well, and whose notices, though brief, are no less beautiful than affectionate. They have been ascribed to the pen of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, the present Bishop of Calcutta :

"A friend told me that he found him once in the greatest agitation, looking for a despatch, which he had mislaid. One of the royal family was waiting for it, — he had delayed the search to the last minute, — he seemed at last quite vexed and flurried. At this unlucky instant a disturbance in the nursery overhead occurred. My friend, who was with him, said to himself, 'Now, for once, Wilberforce's temper will give way.' He had hardly thought thus, when Mr. Wilberforce turned to him and said, 'What a blessing it is to have these dear children ! Only think what a relief amidst other hurries to hear their voices, and to know that they are well.'"

As a master, Mr. Wilberforce was patient and indulgent even to excess. Assuredly he had need of these qualities in their perfection, to have borne with entire meekness a rebuke which was administered to him by one of his servants, while on a tour

* Mr. Wilberforce, at a dinner party, expressed great disgust at an unfortunate speech of an eminent personage, who speaking of domestic conversation, asked, "Who ever thinks of talking with his wife?" It was, doubtless, one of those speeches, which a wise man will not utter, but which are not to be maliciously interpreted.

with his family at the Lakes. It appears, that either in the attractions of that beautiful scenery, or in the pressure of affairs, from which not even Cumberland Lakes exempted him, he had quite forgotten some indispensable provision for his horses. Nor is he the only good man, who, in much talk and earnest zeal for humanity in general, has forgotten mercy to his beast. The speech of his coachman reminding his master of his duty will doubtless be thought by some as "worthy of the best days of the Commonwealth." It could scarcely have been more emphatic, had it been put into his mouth by Mr. Owen of Lanark, by Mrs. Frances Wright Darusmont, or any of the philanthropic levellers, male or female, of the present day. "Well, sir, and it's just like everything else; and you all of you for this whole journey have been so Lake-mad, and mountain-mad, and prospect-mad, that nothing has been thought of as it ought to have been"!!

The faults of Mr. Wilberforce's character, like the faults of most good men, grew out of his virtues; they were but virtues suffered to pass into excess. His friend, from whose interesting memoir we have just now quoted, calls them weaknesses rather than faults. "They were on the side," says he, "of hesitation, delay, indecision, discursiveness, and vagrancy of mind; the allowing himself to be imposed upon; disorder in his papers and correspondence; irregularity of hours; his study a perfect Babylon; his letters, thousands upon thousands heaped around; half a morning often lost (as in the instance just quoted) in recovering some important document. But all these," he adds, "were nothing; they flowed from his cast of character, and were perfectly understood and allowed for by all who knew him."

Now, whatever may be yielded to the partiality of friendship, we cannot admit with this writer that these faults were nothing. Though they were allied with engaging virtues, they were the sources of serious errors; they undeniably diminished Mr. Wilberforce's usefulness; interfered with his personal tranquillity and domestic enjoyment; and were the obvious causes of that calamity, which clouded his declining days.

One, who was indulgent as was Mr. Wilberforce in his judgments of others, is entitled to large charity for himself. But we can scarcely regard those failings as trivial which, in any of their consequences, near or remote, involved the loss of a landed property, estimated at ten thousand pounds per an-

num, and a total reverse in the condition of his family.* How far his charities, which were overflowing, or his hospitalities, which, though as we have understood simple, were boundless, — a table during the session of Parliament almost public, breakfastings and lunches perpetual,† — may have contributed, with his last unfortunate speculation, to the sad result, it is difficult to say. His charities partook of the excess, to which some other of his excellent qualities tended. It appears that he seldom disposed of less than one fourth part of his income, that he sometimes exceeded his income in this way; and that in one year particularly it was ascertained, that the sum of three thousand one hundred and seventy-three pounds (about fourteen thousand dollars) was thus spent. It is impossible to treat otherwise than kindly such “amiable indiscretions,” as by one of his friends they are called. There was, moreover, such

* “The immediate cause of this disaster,” says a writer in a contemporary English Journal, who betrays no unwillingness to magnify the mistakes of Mr. Wilberforce, “was a speculation in a ridiculous Milk Company, into which as was suspected his sons were duped.” Whether this was a scheme for supplying the city of London on a large scale with pure milk, — a domestic article to which that great Metropolis is much a stranger, — or of whatever other nature, we cannot tell. The result at least was deplorable. It involved so great a loss, that Mr. Wilberforce was compelled to sell his largest estate in Yorkshire to meet it; and what must have been peculiarly painful to the feelings of such a father, had he lived to know it, “his eldest son, who would have been the heir, if not of his honors, yet of a large portion of his wealth, was compelled to relinquish the representation of the city of Hull, where his ancestors had lived in affluence and honor for nearly a century,” (and where, we should add, his father himself commenced his public career and reaped youthful laurels,) for want of a qualification of three hundred pounds per year. — See *London Quarterly Review*, for July, 1838.

† It was one of Mr. Wilberforce’s weaknesses, that he permitted himself to be imposed on by guests, as well as beggars of all descriptions. There was doubtless some gratification of vanity, from which his humility did not quite exempt him, in being sought to as the patron and counsellor, and “Member from Yorkshire,” whose name was power. But he complains of the “excessive worry of his household from company of all sorts.” Though his own family was not numerous, his establishment was large; and incredible was the multitude who in the course of a year sat at meat with him. “I prayed,” says Mr. Martyn the missionary, in a letter to a friend, “in the midst of his large household, and breakfasted with a numerous company.” We are told also by a friend, who took luncheon at his house, that he seemed to live in one continual hurry.

heartly benevolence, so much delicacy and considerateness in his bounty, (he urged upon Mrs. Hannah More the gift of a carriage and horses, because she was an invalid and needed daily exercise,) that Diogenes himself could hardly have condemned him. We are left only to regret, that fountains of so sweet a charity should have been exhausted; and that one, whose domestic affections quickened his compassion for others,* whose long life was one succession of bounties, should not have transmitted to his children the patrimony he had himself inherited. Yet, it was for the sake of these children, (*causâ liberorum*, as he writes in his journal,) that at the height of his prosperity and fame, he refused a Peerage, which was offered him by Mr. Pitt, fearing to injure his family by so costly an honor.

His reverses he bore with the cheerfulness and submission, which were alike the fruits of his amiable temper and practical faith. Some regrets and even self-reproach he could scarcely, we think, escape, if he looked distinctly at the undeniable causes of them; and he *did* confess, that it gave him pain to feel that he was no longer able to invite a friend to his table, or to a bed. This was indeed a mighty change in the habits of one to whose breakfast table, to say nothing of other hospitalities, the world was made welcome. But to the childlike spirit of Mr. Wilberforce all was right and all was kind in the perfect Providence of God. He was devoutly grateful for the rich mercies that still remained; and was as ready to draw spiritual benefit from the present adversity, as he had drawn copious enjoyment from his past prosperity. It is to be hoped, that his sons, as they were to partake largely of the trial, shared in their father's graceful submission to it. Through the unsolicited kindness of Lord Brougham, the then Lord Chancellor, the two younger sons, the editors of this work, had previously been favored with competent livings in the church, and within the bosom of their families, passing alternately (for he loved motion to the very last) from one parsonage to the other, Mr. Wilberforce spent the remainder of his days. Some decay of his intellectual faculties was observed by his oldest friends, but none

* Upon his payment of one of his large subscriptions to a public institution, he sets down in his Diary, "I subscribe to hospitals and dispensaries with increased good will, since I became a husband and a father."

whatever in that, which was his glory, his perfect temper and his all-sustaining faith. He died after a short sickness, and little bodily suffering, in July, 1833, in the seventy-fourth year of his age ; and though his modesty had anticipated another disposition of his remains, he was buried, at the special request of Lord Brougham, and of many members of both houses of Parliament, who also requested permission as a token of personal respect to attend his funeral, in Westminster Abbey, close to the tombs of Pitt, and Canning, and Fox. And there in that vast repository of illustrious dead, within a briefer space than thirty years, from the time, that is, that Mr. Wilberforce accomplished his signal triumph in the House of Commons by the abolition of the Slave Trade, what multitudes — we cannot but pause to reflect — of those, who in that his darling enterprise acted with him or against him, have been gathered one after another to the same dark abode. How many eloquent tongues are there silenced in death ! Political friends and foes, they who possessed and they who wanted place ; Pitt, who loved Wilberforce, and the classical Windham, who never liked him ; Fox, who helped him through all his struggles for the slave, but opposed him in most things else ; Sheridan, who could ridicule his piety, but honored him in his heart as the eloquent friend of humanity ; Whitbread, whom Mr. Wilberforce himself characterized as “that rugged but manly statesman,” and thorough Englishman ; the accomplished Canning ; and his successful rival for the Premiership, to the cares of which reason and life were his costly sacrifice, Lord Castlereagh, — all these there lie down together. Also their love and their hatred and their envy have perished ; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun.

To form a just estimate of Mr. Wilberforce, we must regard him in his religious rather than in his political character ; as a Christian, and not as a statesman. His political influence, except on questions of morals or philanthropy, as the “Reformation of manners,” and the Abolition of Slavery, was exceedingly limited. There are those, who deny that he had any weight in the House of Commons, except what was derived from his known religious character. His indecision, his ready surrender of himself to his own warm impulses, or to the views of others ; his tender, but over-scrupulous conscience, sometimes bearing him to one extreme through nothing but fear of its

opposite; and above all, his excessive dread of party, making him jealous of his own friends, and blind to perceive how often it pleases God Almighty to make what men call party the minister of his own Providence, — were fatal to him as a statesman. It was religion that gave him power. And it is grateful to reflect, what power that alone did confer. It was the secret of his eloquence. Though the term was applied to him in derision, he was in an eminent sense the “religious member;” * and whatever might be thought of his speculations, however at times, and to answer a purpose, he might have been ridiculed as a Methodist, the House of Commons, and the whole nation with it, paid homage to the incontestable purity, piety, and blameless life of the man. Nor was he himself ignorant of his reputation in this regard. With his usual tenderness of conscience it prompted him to inquire what great duties it called him to perform, and these were not inconsiderable. On one occasion he resolved to seek an interview, on religious subjects, with the Prince Regent; and on another, he resolved, after reluctantly accepting her invitation to dinner, to avail himself of the opportunity to “speak a word in season to Madame de Staël.” His good sense, however, and just reverence of the subject never failed to instruct him, that there was a time to keep silence as well as to speak, and he preferred, what it must be confessed he often encountered, the utter failure of his purpose, to an unseemly or ungracious forcing of an opportunity. He also thought that he was bound to talk as well and as agreeably as he could on other topics, that so he might give acceptance and weight to his religious conversation. How successfully he followed this excellent rule, and guarded his religious zeal from indiscretion, is evident from the delight with which his company was invariably welcomed. Even that selfish and profligate monarch, George the Fourth, repeatedly sent for him, and added to the message an assurance, that the topics of conversation should be of his own choosing. Madame de Staël, as we have seen, was proud of numbering him with her guests. On his part he justly deemed her spiritual con-

* When this epithet was once sneeringly used by an honorable member, Mr. Wilberforce was tempted to apply in return the opposite, and to answer the “irreligious member;” but with his customary gentleness he forbore.

dition susceptible of improvement. But that he knew well how to unite the "beauty of holiness" with his social graces, and honored his religion too much to render it disagreeable, is evident enough from the judgment pronounced on him by that brilliant lady; "I expected," said she, "to have found Mr. Wilberforce among the most religious; but I find also that he is among *the wittiest of men.*"

We cannot close a notice of Mr. Wilberforce without referring to the work, by which he is known as a writer. His "Practical View of the Prevailing Religious Systems, &c., contrasted with real Christianity," appeared in 1797, at a period when a treatise on such a subject by a layman and a statesman was of much rarer occurrence than at present, and when also, through the influence of the French Revolution and other causes, the tone of religion in the higher classes of society was extremely low. The first, and a large edition was with his customary munificence wholly appropriated by its author as gifts for his friends, and a copy was presented to every member of Parliament. It was followed within the same year by three other editions, and was widely circulated through the kingdom. Curiosity was awakened to see how a politician would treat of Christianity; and we believe, it was this book, which first obtained for him the designation of the "religious member." It had an undeniable influence in exciting attention to religion. Particularly within the Church of England it led to the formation of that party, since designated as the "Evangelical," of which, as distinguished from the "High Church," Bishop Porteus, John Newton, Cecil, Scott, Romaine, Simeon of Cambridge, Dean Milner, Hannah More, and Wilberforce himself were the conspicuous heads. It was for the promotion of the same views, and aided by their effective patronage and pens, that the well-known periodical, "*The Christian Observer*," was commenced in January, 1803, and has ever since continued the organ of that numerous and influential body.

In this book, as in the Life of the writer, there are signal beauties united with signal defects. Mr. Wilberforce was not characterized by vigorous intellect; and his work, as were his speeches, is marked rather by earnestness of feeling, and an eloquence warm from the heart, than by any accuracy of method or closeness of argument. With what is peculiar in its theological views we need not here concern ourselves. We are not studious, in truth, to dwell on the faults either of the book or of

the man. Of the latter, which biographical truth requires us to admit, this at least may be said, that they were not of a nature, which the world in general are in danger of imitating. On the other hand, there are many, who will be ready enough to accept them for a warning; and to congratulate themselves that theirs is not a philanthropy or a charity so prodigal as to issue in ruin. Yet to our poor thoughts, the hoarding up of treasures, only to be wasted by speculating or profligate children, is scarcely to be preferred to the wasting of them in charity, which, though it may err in its excess, still does not lose the blessing.

And if there be those, and we believe there are some among our own countrymen, who having once partaken are ready to censure his boundless hospitality, it is for them to consider, that it was only through the very indiscriminateness of this hospitality they enjoyed the opportunity, which they were eager to embrace, and are still proud to remember, of seeing and conversing with Mr. Wilberforce. For our own part, we should seriously quarrel with ourselves for any willingness to scan severely the infirmities of one, whose heart was like his, a perennial fountain of kindness to man and thankfulness to God; of one, whose delight in the works, and gratitude for the gifts of his heavenly Father, were such as these: "He loved flowers with all the simple delight of childhood. And when he came in from his garden, carefully depositing a few that he had gathered, in his own room, he would say, as he enjoyed their fragrance, 'How good is God to us! What should we think of a friend, who had furnished us with a magnificent house, and all we needed, and then coming in to see that all had been provided according to his wishes, should be hurt to find that no perfumes had been placed in the room. Yet so has God dealt with us, — lovely flowers are the smiles of his goodness.'"

F. P.

ART. V.—*Moral Rule of Political Action; a Discourse delivered in Hollis Street Church, Sunday, January 27, 1839.* By JOHN PIERPONT. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1839. 12mo. pp. 24.

THE doctrine and aim of this discourse we heartily like. It is an application of religion to politics, or, a bringing of politics and all the forms of political action to the test of high moral and Christian principle. This surely is right, and we feel indebted to Mr. Pierpont for printing his sermon. The action of men in relation to government, and all questions which grow out of its various complex affairs,—it is a mere truism to say it,—comes just as much within the rules of religion and morals, and so under the cognizance of the teacher of religion and morals, as does their action in any other relation whatever. If there may be a right and a wrong in the political conduct of men, then, whether they fancy it or not, they are amenable to the moral law of God, as in all other cases of right and wrong; and the preacher consequently does not perform his duty till he proclaims the law, and ranges by its side the acts and the principles of those to whom he preaches, or of those who constitute the community in which he lives. Yet plain as this seems, it is virtually denied by many; and Mr. Pierpont suggests that such preaching as his may come under their censure, and be possibly branded as “political preaching.” How he would be affected by such a charge, may be seen in the following paragraph:

“To do this,” says Mr. Pierpont, that is, propose and illustrate a moral rule of political action, “*may*, possibly, be called political preaching. To which I can only reply, If it be so, let it be so. Moral principles are given us by our moral governor and judge, to be applied to every subject and in every relation in life. If we will assume social relations, and act as members of society; if we do not choose to satisfy ourselves with the hermit’s life, but will constitute civil communities and political relations and act in them, then necessity is laid upon us—if we wish those relations to be enduring, and those communities prosperous, stable, and happy—to regulate, that is to rule, our action in them by some principle. And if the showing that this must be a *moral* principle be preaching politics, the more of such preaching there is, and the more it is regarded, in any community, the better—in all respects the better—for that community will it

be. And when I see so frequent and so gross departures, as in this country there are constantly witnessed, from moral principle in political action, I ask myself whether, in this respect, the pulpit in this country has been faithful to its trust." — p. 4.

We say with the preacher, that if showing that there must be a moral principle in politics, — that is, that dishonesty, prevarication, falsehood, and a host of associated vices, are as much vices when found in connexion with politics as in any other department of conduct and life, as justly offensive to God and as open to his condemnation, — be political preaching, then the more of it the better. But it is not political preaching, as that phrase is commonly used. On the contrary, it is eminently gospel or evangelical preaching. It is simply applying the rules of the religion of the New Testament to men's conduct and opinions in relation to the great affair of government, just as they are applied to men's conduct in relation to their professions and trades, to their domestic and social life. Is the conduct of men to be above the law of God the moment it is concerned about politics? Is the unjust man, the violent, the false, the fraudulent man to be no object of our disapprobation and rebuke, as soon as once intrenched within the sacred enclosure of politics? Not so. Religion knows no distinctions like these. Want of fidelity to conscience and to a professed faith, in political action, is surely the same offence in the eye of religion as want of fidelity to these divine guides in any other affairs in which we engage. A newspaper falsehood for political ends is — a falsehood. A political lie is — a lie, reeking with all the meanness, infamy, and guilt of one. And the editor, the writer, the voter, the party man, who resorts to subterfuges, to false statements, or deceptive ones, to unfair or dishonest measures, who takes or gives a bribe, to carry a question at an election or in a legislative hall, is the same offender with him who should be guilty of the like baseness on the exchange, in the counting-room, or the shop. To expose such conduct, to demonstrate its immorality, to hold it up to the indignation and abhorrence of all honest men, is of the very highest order of Christian preaching. He who preaches so is emphatically a Christian preacher, and a Christian patriot. And the congregation or the community that would, with a sneer, denounce such preaching as political preaching, would with the same reason denounce that which should be specially addressed to men of business as mercantile preaching,

and therefore not Christian preaching. We hope and trust that the pulpit, any more than the press, will never be silent, while political life is as corrupt as the conduct of party men and the language of newspapers show it to be at the present day. But setting aside the duty of fidelity to his religion as a sufficient reason why the preacher should "preach politics," his patriotism, his love of country, of her institutions of government, should urge him to the same course. Can institutions like ours be preserved while they who vote and they who are voted for, — that is, they who administer the government, — agree so far as political action is concerned, to set at defiance the common rules of morals and religion, — rules whose authority they are ready to acknowledge in all the other relations and transactions of life?

There are no more crying sins in our land, at this day, than political sins; and we do not forget intemperance or slavery; or, if an exception must be made, it can only be in favor of *cheating* in the smaller transactions of trade. Falsehood in political action, and falsehood in trade are vices so common, and so destructive of all that is noble and elevated in character, pure and permanent in legislation, that that minister should be honored above others as the true minister and the genuine patriot, who now and then of a Sunday is willing to forget and forego some of the abstractions of a new philosophy or an old theology, that he may assail them and lay bare their abominations. Yet these two vices, which do more than intemperance to injure and degrade the general character of our people, soil its honor, and dim its beauty, are rarely named in the pulpit.

These are subjects, we are aware, not easy to treat with effect. They are among the most difficult, and call for great power in the preacher. While he deals with safe truisms, while he treats of sin in the general, or handles the great doctrines of faith, he will be listened to, and tolerated, though he should manifest but little of the ability and skill of a master workman. But when, leaving this more common ground, he attacks the usages (vices) in which particular classes of men are interested, he must show his knowledge of his subject to be most thorough and exact, his arguments clear and logical, and his grasp that of a giant, if he would escape the ridicule or abuse of those who stand ready to assail, with either weapon, the man who wanders too far from the beaten track.

Mr. Pierpont has done well, we think, to preach and then

print this vigorous and closely reasoned discourse. We take this Sermon and the noble discourse of Mr. Dewey in his last volume upon political morality, as signs that our clergy are beginning to think it their duty to carry religion into politics, as well as into other departments of life.

We subjoin two extracts to show the spirit and high moral standard of the discourse :

“ The same principle and the same reasoning are applicable to the two — nay, the three, more recent parties ; the Peace, the Temperance, and the Abolition parties, — which respectively claim morality as their basis, and purport to have, as their object, respectively, the abolition of war, intoxication, and domestic slavery. If, upon careful examination, I find either or all of these claims sustained, — that is, find that the parties are what they purport to be ; and if I, with my lights or opportunities for forming a judgment upon the subject, am verily convinced that war, drunkenness, and involuntary servitude are moral evils, and therefore adverse to the highest interests of the individual and of the state ; and if I believe, moreover, that moral action, by means of political machinery, will tend to remove or diminish these evils, I must, and if I am more a moral than a political man, I *shall* cast my vote for those who, in my opinion, will most efficiently legislate for the moral well-being of the state ; and if those who are of the same *political* party with myself will not do this, I must abandon them in favor of such as will. If, for this, I am called to account by my fellow-partisans, my answer is short ; it is — When my party run away from morality, they run away from me. Nor is there hazard, in this, to the commercial, manufacturing, or other pecuniary or temporal interests of the state. Your money cannot guard your morals, but morals will your money. They, who will protect the former, will not prove recreant to the latter. Protect the morals of a community, and *they* will protect its industry and all its results. “ Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you.” — pp. 18, 19, 20.

Again :

“ One word more : In all the cases here supposed, it is not merely my right — it is my *duty*, as a true and faithful servant of God, to obey him in using my political influence, my elective franchise, in his service, by placing those in political office, who, I believe, will be faithful to his cause ; — in other words, I am bound to act in behalf of morality through political instrumen-

talities. With every talent intrusted, there comes to me the command, "Occupy, till I come." He is most truly the moral man who most faithfully employs all his talents — that is, all his means and faculties — for the advancement and establishment of the moral kingdom of God in his own heart and in the world. He, then, who acts, in this behalf, only by means of his own animal organization, but refuses to act by means of the political organizations of which he is himself a member, exercises but a part of his powers in the service of morality. Some of the moral evils, under which states suffer, and groan, and languish till they fall, are the creatures of political agency ; and, as only the power that creates can destroy, they *can* be removed from the state, and the state itself thus redeemed from dissolution, by moral action through political organization. To refuse moral action in such cases, by such means, is to wrap a talent up in a napkin and *bury* it for safe keeping ; to prove false to our allegiance to morality and to God. To act in such cases, for such an end, though all mankind forbid it, is to be faithful in the few things given to our trust ; is to obey God rather than men." — pp. 21, 22.

ART. VI. — ON THE NATURE, AND PROPER EVIDENCES OF
A REVELATION.

WHAT is a revelation ? and how is it to be authenticated ? In other words, what do we mean when we say of any mission, any book, any religion, that it is a special divine communication ? And what is the proper evidence of that fact ?

These are questions of the highest importance in the philosophy of our religion. They embrace its whole peculiarity, — all that distinguishes it from a system of purely natural religion. I say, distinctly, the philosophy of our religion ; because I do not mean to confound the philosophy with the feeling of it. And I do not intend to deny this feeling to any one, on the ground that he differs with me in regard to the philosophy.

This distinction, I think, is wide and palpable ; and it is essential, too, to the maintenance of individual rights and Christian concord. On any other ground, we must have as

many Christianities as there are sects. For the philosophy of the doctrines of Christianity has as much to do with our virtue, as the philosophy of its origin.

This distinction exists, too, in the nature of things. A man's virtue is founded on the natural influence of truth, and not upon the consideration that it is supernaturally communicated. Let the humblest reader open the New Testament, penetrate into its meaning, and breathe its spirit, and he is a good man. It is noways important to this result, that he should ever have defined a miracle, or ever have heard of the question about naturalism and supernaturalism.

It is the more important to make this distinction, because questions of this nature are coming in among us, and indeed seem naturally to belong to the progress of Christian investigation. German inquiry has fully developed them, and English and American inquiry is approaching them. Christianity fought its first battle on the ground of the evidences; and miracles, we say, helped the argument. It fought its second battle on the arena of doctrines; and logic brought its theses and syllogisms. It is now subjected to a severer question. And *this* is the question. What precisely is a revelation? This question is approached with various views. Christianity, some think, is in danger of perishing amidst cold technicalities and dry moralities, that lack all the freshness of inward and instant inspiration; or it is in danger of sinking, like a worn-out giant, under the armor of its historical form;—and sentiment, spontaneity, intuition, transcendentalism, I know not what,—has come to the rescue. In Germany, the assailant of the old, established foundations of Christianity is Rationalism, or Naturalism. It will admit nothing supernatural; it explains away all the miracles; it respects Jesus as simply the wisest and purest of teachers.

Now, if I be asked, what place I assign to these discussions, I still answer that they belong, purely and entirely, in my judgment, to the philosophy of Christianity. I cannot consider them as involving any man's virtue or piety. Let a man receive the spiritual teachings of Jesus Christ, imbibe his temper, and imitate his example, and no pale of a creed shall bar me from the acknowledgment of him as a good man. Show me the image of Christ in a man, and it is enough. And that image may be, and is, reflected through a thousand different atmospheres and shadings of opinion. I am weary of the pal-

try sectarian discussion that is ever going on upon this point. I cannot help recording my impatient and indignant protest against any criterion of a man's goodness and acceptance with God, but his actual conduct and his inward and living affections. Has he got them from the right source, do you ask? I answer, has he not got them? Gold is gold, whether it comes coined from the mint, or is brought from the virgin ore of the hidden mine.

How much must a man believe, in order to be a Christian, do you ask? He must believe everything, I am tempted to say, and he must believe nothing. He must believe everything concerning the beauty, the grandeur, and the joy of the life and spirit of Christ; and he need believe nothing concerning his metaphysical nature, or the time of his creation, or the manner in which the divine inspiration entered into his soul, or the philosophical explanation of his miracles. To err upon points like these is human, and therefore pardonable. To err about essential goodness,—about that goodness which was embodied in the life of Jesus,—is not human, but devilish and damnable. That is to say, it is intrinsic, essential, and abiding misery!—for why should we blind ourselves about a matter so unspeakably plain and momentous?

There lies, then, the bright, illuminated page of the Gospel; there it *is*, come whence it may. There are written, the sayings of him who spake as never man spake. And many a truth there written, were but ill bartered for a world in exchange. In the joy and comfort of this possession, I can willingly throw the question about the mode of its creation and transmission into the darkness of antiquity. I can, without fear, take one side or other of the question; or dismiss it altogether, as a question not to be solved. I can refer it to that unsearchable counsel through which all things exist. The world exists; Christian truth exists; and they came from God. Let me only so receive the truth, and use the world, as to attain to essential, immortal virtue and happiness; and the questions how the world was created, or how Christian truth was originated, I can leave to schoolmen and philosophers. Wheat grows; bread nourishes me, whether I understand the philosophy of the matter or not.

But still it may be asked, will he, who believes in the Bible as a mere book of truths, a book of spiritual intuitions, and not a supernatural revelation, ever attain to the required virtue and

happiness? Is not supernaturalism, as a faith, necessary to produce that effect? I answer as before, that I can see no necessary connexion between these things; and that I see none such pointed out in the book. The simple truth is represented as the great regenerating agent. "The truth shall make you free," not the origination of that truth. We are taught that he who stands in the *field of nature*, — he who is a law to himself, and acts up to its light, — is "accepted." Much more may he who thus stands in the field of Scripture, and acts up to its light, be accepted. But are we not saved by faith, it may be said. Yes; but we must learn, if we have not yet learnt, that Bible faith is the heart's faith. It is not a belief in miracles; it is not a belief in supernaturalism; it is a belief in truth. And I know, as far as I can know anything from observation, that the deepest and most devoted faith in Jesus, may co-exist with a mode of speculation, that divests his character of everything but its self-evident and soul-entrancing beauty. I may think that it errs; but I should no more think of charging it with vital unbelief and irreligion, than I should the faith of John or Polycarp.

I have thus attempted, in very few words, to assign to the inquiry before us, its proper place in Christianity. Do I then say, that it is of no importance? Certainly not. It is of vast importance, as I conceive, to the body of believers. It is possible for us, no doubt, to penetrate into the heart of Christianity, unaided by any thoughts of its supernatural origin. But such thoughts are fitted justly and powerfully to influence our minds; and therefore, if they be true, they assume at once a high practical importance. Besides; what God hath done to teach his earthly children, it concerns our gratitude and piety to know. Moreover, my own view of the question makes it of greater interest than I have represented it, in justice to those who differ from me. For I conceive that the claim of Jesus and his Apostles, *to be the teachers that they were, was* avouched by miracles; that all the peculiarity, in kind, that distinguished them from other teachers, is based upon miracles, either of fact or of experience; that their special mission has no other logical support. In fine, and at any rate, the truth, whatever it be, has its own value as truth, and every honest mind will seek to know it. And although I cannot contend for the truth, or what I conceive to be the truth, on this point, as I would contend for the spiritual foundations of religion, yet certainly it is not in-

different to me, whether I judge rightly of the conditions under which Christianity is presented to me ; and this is the question before us.

What, then, are we to understand by a revelation from heaven ? Or, in what light do we regard that succession of teachers, and that series of communications, of which we have an account in the Bible ?

Now, there are two views of this question, clearly distinguishable, broadly contrasted, and covering the whole ground, that either is, or can be, in controversy. Either the Bible is a revelation, or it is not. Either the teachers were inspired, or they were not inspired. To speak more definitely ; either the teachers were sent from God on a special mission to instruct the world, or they were such men, such reformers as are, in every age, springing up from the occasions and exigencies of society. Either the light that was in them, came from an extraordinary influence of heaven, or it came from the natural and unaided operations of their own minds. There is no middle ground. On the one hand, we see a succession of special messengers from God, supernaturally endowed, and clothed with more than human authority ; and on the other, we see men, whose claims are, in their kind, to be completely confounded with those of Socrates and Confucius.

Let not this inquiry be mixed up with matters that do not belong to it. The question is not about the degree of the inspiration, the divinity of the style, or the universal infallibility of the teaching. The whole inquiry, — the only inquiry of any interest to me, I confess, — turns upon a single point. Is there, or is there not, to be recognised in these writings, in these dispensations, the element of supernatural aid ? Did they come from God, only as all things come from God, only as the inspiration of genius or the energy of heroism comes from him ? or, did they come in some special manner, — with traits and signatures not to be found in any of those manifestations ? Are these writings but the choice and venerated compositions of their respective ages ? or are they special divine communications ? In other words, suppose that when God had made the world, and established the laws of the human mind, he had left all things to work out their natural results, — had left all to the natural course of his general providence ; should we *then* have had such writings as the Psalms and the Gospels ? — should we

then have ever heard of such teachers, in their respective ages, as David and the prophets, as Jesus and the Apostles?

But let me attempt still further to define the idea which I entertain of a revelation. I maintain, certainly, that the element of the supernatural is in it. But I do not say that any supernatural inspiration was requisite to the true narration of facts, histories, miracles. I do not say that every spiritual truth written in the Bible was then first revealed. I do not say that it ever was revealed. Moral first truths are a portion of the original stock of every man's ideas. It is most gratuitous injustice to charge the supernaturalist with saying or implying that *these* truths are to be reached only through a miraculous revelation. And, on the other hand, it is a mere carelessness in language, on this subject, to talk about a revelation of truth in consciousness. We might as well talk about a revelation of truth in sensation. The ideas of a God and of moral rectitude are pre-supposed in a revelation. When the sacred teacher recognises the truth that there is a God, when he says that God is love, when he says that men ought to love and obey him, he does not teach them that which they do not know, but he takes for granted that which they do know. If this is all that is meant by those who so strenuously insist, that human consciousness interprets and verifies Scripture truth, that there is a light within us which opens a way to that truth, and that it needs no miracle to reveal it, the wonder is, not that they know it, but that they say it. One is tempted to ask where they have lived all this time, amidst what books they have passed their lives, when, upon this recognised doctrine of all ages and of all theologies, they insist as if it were some new discovery of their own, and gave them some new claim to the appellation of Christian believers.*

* A writer in the Boston Quarterly Review affects to be sorry that Professor Norton, in his late most admirable work on the Genuineness of the Gospels, has proved himself to be an infidel! As a chain of reasoning, that work would be most admirable, though it proved the most indifferent thing on earth; but it does establish a point of great importance, and one most pertinent to the matter of Christian belief. I am not at all concerned to point out the disingenuity of that article; I suppose it is sufficiently obvious; but it certainly does surprise me, that a writer, who undertakes to discuss a point in Biblical criticism, should think himself entitled to speak with contempt, of a work in that department, of such extraordinary logical acumen and accurate learning.

This is not at all the question. Nobody ever pretended that it is the office of Scripture to reveal the primary truths of Natural Religion, or the original intuitions of human consciousness. As such it is not a revelation at all. As such it stands on the same ground as the works of Plato or Plotinus. The question is, Is there anything more in the Bible, — anything higher, — anything peculiar — anything in it, or connected with it, that commends it to us as a special divine communication? I maintain that there is. First, there is something *in* it, that does not belong to the province of bare intuition, or of unaided reason; and that is, *the relation of certain truths to certain facts*. We knew that God is good, — that is a truth, — but we did not know the fact, that he would take that special interest in the spiritual welfare, in the salvation of the human race, that is taught in the Scriptures. And we did not know the fact, that his goodness would provide for us that future life that is brought to light in his word. These are momentous revelations; and to me I confess that they seem most needful. I might have hoped concerning these things, but without a communication from above, I could scarcely have believed. I should have seen reasons for them, but I should also have seen reasons against them. I could scarcely have expected to carry my confidence on these points, farther than Socrates and Plato did; and their state of mind would, to me, have been extremely unsatisfactory and painful, as it was to them. I should have wanted, as they did, some one to teach me. So needful, indeed, is the communication, that after all teachings, it seems to me that the faith of the Christian world is still most seriously defective on these two points, — the paternal and personal relation of God to us, and our consequent filial and individual relation to him, — and the overwhelming doctrine of a future life. The mission, the death, and the resurrection of Christ are the grand revelations and pledges of these truths, and the world needs far more deeply to study them than it has done.

In the next place, there is something connected with the Bible communication, which awakens a profound interest, and that is a special divine commission, attested by miracles. I shall consider, under another head, how pertinently miracles are related to this point; but, for the present, I wish to state what, as I conceive, belongs to the nature of the communication. I hold that it was clothed with a special sanction. The sacred teachers did not speak what they thought, with no other reason

for its being received, but that they thought so. They were sent, commissioned, authorized to speak. Their warrant was not merely that which the inspiration of genius or piety gives ; it was something higher. And even if they had uttered nothing but intuitive truths, it would give an inexpressible interest to those truths to know that God had specially commissioned holy men to utter them, — to re-affirm those verities which he had already uttered as oracles in the sanctuary of the human heart. Those verities, too, might have partly faded from the human mind, and needed to be impressed again by the stamp of miracle ; I do not say to be revealed, but to be impressed. Besides ; what *are* intuitive truths to other and barbarous ages, may not, to us, be quite so clear. It was far enough from being an intuitive truth to the Jews, that God was equally the Father and Friend of all mankind. It was far enough from being an intuitive truth to the Roman masters of the world, that the subjects and slaves trodden beneath their feet, had equal rights and interests with themselves, before the eye of heaven. And it is far enough from being an intuitive truth to the whole world, — scarcely yet is it a *truth* to the searching and passionate cry after good, — that the suffering and forgiving patience of death, the glorified humiliation of the cross, the triumph of love and meekness, should be the power, to raise the world to purity and happiness.

But be this as it may, — the bare circumstance that the Almighty Being has been pleased to give extraordinary attestation to any truth, must, by itself, be ever a subject of profound interest. It is not an interposition without an object. Amidst rude ages, ever lapsing, on one hand or another, into idolatry and error, — before the world, by the aids of freedom and the printing-press, had entered upon the great modern progress of knowledge and happiness, — such interposition was most pertinent. And the facts that proclaim it, if they be received in this light, must forever be among the most precious treasures of human knowledge. The mighty shadow of the past is ever spread over us, and comes down upon us as a presence. I feel that the mind of the whole Christian world is, at this moment, impressed, and needfully impressed, by the bare conviction that God has spoken to it. The thunderings of Sinai have not yet died away in the ears of men, and the sighs of the cross, God's altar of sacrifice, are echoed from the stricken, confiding, and comforted hearts of millions. How different is our conviction

of the divine protection, care, and teaching, from that which would be produced by the inflexible administration of general laws. It is almost as great as the difference between a cherished childhood and a hapless orphanage. "I will not leave you orphans," says our Savior; "I will come to you." And accordant with this representation is our feeling about the divine goodness. It is not as if the Almighty had sent forth this globe, on its sublime and distant journey through the heavens, alone; as if he had placed everything beyond the reach of his interposing hand; as if he had left matter and mind to work out their inevitable and uncontrolled results. This is not the feeling which the Bible inspires; but it is, that God hath visited the world with the day-spring from on high, — hath holpen his people, — hath interposed for our salvation, — hath guided and comforted us, — hath *spoken*, even as an earthly parent does in emergencies of peril and distress, some special, some warning or soothing word.

I have thus attempted to state what I understand by the nature of revelation.

Let us now turn, a moment, to the argument.

I defend the view of revelation now stated and commonly received among us, on two grounds; first, that the Bible assumes to be such a revelation, and secondly, that it puts its claim to be such, upon the basis of miracles. I shall confine the argument here, to a single point; partly because I have no space for any discussion beyond that; but also because it is the highest and most material example of all, and involves in fact, the whole ground contended for. The claim of Jesus, then, to be received as a teacher, — what was it? — and how was it attested?

Upon the first of these questions, what is the language of our Savior? "I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he sent me." "For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me." It would be impossible, however, within my limits, to do any justice to this argument by quotations. Language of this character fills the Gospels. No writings of any sage or philosopher, ever bore such an assumption of authority. The idea which Jesus conveys to us of himself is, that in this respect he stood alone. Good men there were around him, and they had good thoughts,

which in some sense they derived from God ; but for himself he asserts a peculiar derivation. Not even the Apostles partook with him of this distinction. He derived his authority from God ; they from him. John the Baptist was the forerunner ; he was the Messiah. "I have greater witness," he says, "than that of John ; for the works which the Father hath empowered me to perform, the very works, that I do, bear witness of me, that the Father hath sent me."

Certainly, if Jesus had a peculiar and divine commission, and meant to assert that claim, it is not easy to conceive of any language more unequivocally expressive of that fact and of that claim, than the language which he was constantly using. And if he had not an authority from heaven essentially different from that which every wise and good man possesses ; if he was clothed with no sanction but that of self-taught truth ; if there was nothing to mark or distinguish him, but the simple intuitions that swelled his bosom in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth ; it is utterly inconceivable that he should have spoken of himself as he did. If it were so, I confess that I should think of the modesty of Socrates, and be troubled for our great Example.*

In the next place, this special commission, I hold, was avouched by miracles. I do not say that Jesus appealed to no other criterion. I do not forget that he said, that he, who "will do the will of God, shall know of the doctrine." But I say that he appealed to *this*, — to miracles, — and that he appealed to this oftener than to any other. I do not see how this position can be denied. Nothing, in language, can be more distinct than this reference. The first miracle, which he ever wrought, set forth this attestation and produced the natural results. "This first miracle Jesus wrought in Cana of Gallilee, and manifested his glory ; and his disciples believed on him."

* Nor can I explain this absence of modesty in the character of Jesus, — his apparent unconsciousness of any fault, his assumption of unimpeachable excellence, into consistency with any theory but that of his sinless perfection. He is, indeed, our example, but certainly with some limitations. He is *not* an example of penitence and humility ; I mean that part of humility which implies conscious frailty and imperfection. How deeply does that feeling sink into every good, Christian mind ! Did it ever sink into his ? Could he have ever felt the bitterness of self-reproach ? Could he have ever wept for sin ? "He was, in all points, tempted as we are ; *yet without sin.*" Is not this itself a miraculous distinction ?

John once sent to Jesus, and said, "art thou he that should come, or look we for another? Jesus answered and said, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see; the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up," — and beneficent also is this mission, for — "the poor have good tidings preached to them." The Jews come round about him, with the question whether he is the sent of God; they say, "how long dost thou make us to doubt? if thou be the Christ, tell us plainly." And Jesus answers them, "I told you before, and ye believed not; the works which I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me." Most natural, therefore, — most pertinent to the whole record of the life of Jesus, — is that conclusion, which Peter expresses in his speech recorded in the second chapter of Acts: "Ye men of Israel, hear these words; Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you, by miracles and signs and wonders which God did by him, in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know, — him ye have slain; whom God hath raised up." His miraculous resurrection, indeed, is made the conclusive proof and seal of his whole commission.

Now, I say that miracle proves this very point, — is pertinent to this end and to nothing else. Take it as you will, — *somewhere* in a communication attested by miracles, is the element of supernaturalism. It is impossible to regard the religion which is accompanied by such tokens, as standing in any but an extraordinary relation to the instruction of mankind.

But what is a miracle? — and how does it prove a revelation? These questions belong to the second branch of our inquiry, viz. What is the proper evidence of a revelation?

To the first question, What is a miracle? I answer, it is what it professes to be. No believer in the New Testament can object to this definition.

It is true, a man may deny the facts altogether; he may please to say — anything can be *said* — that they are mere legendary tales, mere figments of the imagination; he may say that Jesus never worked miracles, nor ever pretended to do so; that all this has come from the enthusiasm, ignorance, superstition, or craft of his biographers. A man may say this, but I cannot see on what ground such a man is to call himself a *believer*. Nor, in fact, has this reckless supposition any such consistency or coherence, as to deserve the name, or respect, of a

theory. The Christian testimony must be regarded as folly or forgery on this supposition. Nay, not folly, but forgery must it be. No folly, no supposed credulity, can account for such inventions. The miracles are palpable facts, interwoven in the whole texture of the history, and constantly appealed to by the Master himself. The writers — eye-witnesses as they evidently were — must have known whether these things were done or not. And to reject these facts is to maintain, that the writers, sober men, — men whose freedom from exaggeration is, in the circumstances, really wonderful, — men of singular purity and elevation, — men under the solemn responsibility of teaching a religion from heaven, — and men, too, in the face of persecution, torture, and death, — should have deliberately devised a parcel of absurd stories, to give importance to their communication. No ; the severe and impartial histories of the New Testament can bear no such supposition. And he, who indulges in such dreamy imaginations about this matter, and says, "It was a long time ago, and the age was dark, and the world was superstitious," seems to me to want not the pious faith to believe, but the poetic faith to conceive, what the time was, and what the spirit of the time and of the men, with which he is dealing. Nay, and his loose and vague notions of things entirely vitiate the record and ruin the testimony, on which his religion is based. And his position seems to me as absurd, as if he should pretend firmly to take his stand on a foundation, whose corner stone he had knocked away from beneath him. If this is believing, I should like to know what infidelity is.

I think I am entitled to say, therefore, that the believer in the New Testament must take the miraculous facts as they stand, and explain them in some way. Upon what principle shall he explain them? What *is* a miracle? I answer again, it is what it professes to be. What *does* it profess to be? It seems to me that the very nature of the case answers for it. Take the palpable facts, a dead man suddenly raised to life, — a sick man instantly restored to health, — and these facts in connexion with the claims of one who professes to have come as a teacher from God ; and what can they be designed for, but to prove his commission? Now, this is precisely what our Savior avers. To bring the case home to ourselves, — let us suppose that a man stood before us, and said, I come to you with a special message from God, and to prove to you that I am thus com-

missioned, I will cause this dead body to rise before you. Now, construed by the intent, what is, and must be, the character of this event?

I will answer, in the first place, negatively. It cannot be a trick; it cannot be sleight of hand; for then it would be no proof. It cannot be, any way, a mere illusion to my senses; for then it would be no proof. It cannot be a miracle merely to my ignorance; for *then* it would be no proof. Strange proof it were of a communication from the God of truth, that I am thoroughly deceived and duped by it. This strange theory of miracles is thus put forward by the author of Sartor Resartus. "To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle; whoso had carried with him an air-pump and phial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my horse, again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do I not work a miracle, and magical '*open sesame*,' every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *schlagbaum* or shut turnpike?" This may be "natural Supernaturalism," or sensible nonsense; but what philosophy it is, I must leave others to find out. But this I certainly can find out, and see very plainly, that he who should profess to come to me with a message from God, and should profess to work a miracle to convince me of it, and then should only practise upon my ignorance, — should palm off upon me for a miracle, that which the air-pump can do, or his superior knowledge had ascertained, would be guilty of the grossest imposture! And while, on the one hand, I should undoubtedly reject the Bible miracles, or any miracles that were accompanied with the teaching of impiety and vice, I should, on the other, as certainly reject the claim of any teaching to come from heaven, which was vitiated by such fraudulent pretensions to the miracle-working power.

But what, then, is a miracle? I answer, that I cannot understand it to be anything else than a deviation from the order of nature. Now there is, in some of the philosophy of the day, an almost invincible repugnance to admit of any such deviation. It cannot bear the idea; and so it resorts to the violent supposition of a seeming miracle. What, I pray to be informed, is a *seeming* miracle? It appears to me as if it were very like a lying truth, or an unreal fact. It sounds, in my ear, very like a contradiction in terms. And when I look more deeply into the meaning of the thing, I am only still more impressed with the same conviction. — What is the real, and what

is the apparent, in such a case? *Are* they at war witho ne another? Lazarus has sickened and died. He has lain in the grave four days already. Jesus is about to visit the house of affliction, and he says to his disciples, "I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent that ye may believe." We see the purpose of his errand. He comes to the disconsolate sisters, and says, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die; believest thou this?" — a truth so unspeakably momentous as to be worthy of a miracle to show it. He accompanies the weeping throng to the grave; and he lifts up his eyes and says, "Father I thank thee that thou hast heard me; and I know that thou hearest me always; but because of the people that stand by, I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me. Then he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth! And the dead came forth."

Now, what is this? A seeming miracle?—an event in perfect coincidence with the laws of life,—nature having some secret power to raise a dead man to life, once perhaps, in a thousand years, as a certain plant has to produce a flower once in a hundred,—and about which all that was strange is, that Jesus had some superior, some scientific knowledge of it? For if his knowledge was not scientific, it was miraculous,—and we are obliged to admit divination still. But *was* it merely a superior knowledge acquired in the ordinary way? Was Jesus a wonderful philosopher, who had studied in some unknown schools, in some academic groves, never heard of, in Greece? or in some catacombs, never visited, in Egypt? Then, indeed, there were no miracle; and then there were no proof. Then, indeed, there were nothing in the case but stupendous imposture. But where am I wandering from a very plain case? Here is an event, without precedent, and without parallel; an event which is a palpable deviation from the order of nature; an event, which, if it be not such in some way, proves nothing,—proves nothing to the purpose for which it is solemnly, and in the presence of God, alleged; an event, which, viewed in any other way, is used for the grossest deception; and yet this event, in defiance of all these considerations, is pronounced a *seeming* miracle.

And why seeming? Because, says the objector, in the first place, "we do not know everything of nature, and therefore we cannot know but this event may belong to its order." The

force of this argument, which Mr. Carlyle and others are urging with so much confidence, depends entirely, as I conceive, upon a misstatement of the question. The question is not about *knowing* at all; but about believing. The mistake arises from an attempt to transfer certainty to the department of belief. The reasoning involves a palpable *non sequitur*. The premises have nothing to do with the conclusion. The argument fairly and broadly stated is this: I do not know everything; therefore I cannot believe anything. I do not know but Bonaparte was an incarnate devil; therefore I do not believe that he was a man. I do not know but the world has existed from eternity; therefore I do not believe that it was made. Is this the language of philosophy, and common sense? Is a man allowed, in questions like these, to retreat to the uttermost corner and cranny of pyhrronism, and to hold that that is the very perch of philosophy?

And yet even there, I think, can we reach him. For there is something that we do know in this case. We do know that the miracles, on his theory, prove nothing; that they prove nothing to the purpose for which they are expressly alleged. If we take the miracles for what they plainly profess to be, we *must* take them for deviations from the order of nature.

But this, says the objector, in the second place, is what I *cannot*—I never *can* admit. “Why, herein is a marvellous thing, that ye cannot admit this! Since the world began it was not heard that any man opened the eyes of one born blind, or raised to life a man that was dead in his grave. If this man were not of God, he could do nothing.”

In truth, I think that the *argumentum ad ignorantiam* does avail us here, as it does not avail the objector in the former case. In that case a man says, “I do not know everything, and therefore I do not *believe* in miracles.” Now we take the objector on his own ground, and we say, you do not know everything; how then can you deny that a miracle may be a thing,—a fact that has really taken place? You do not know that the Almighty cannot suspend the laws of nature; you do not know that he will not; how then is it impossible for you to admit such a deviation?

Indeed, I cannot help thinking that much of the difficulty about miracles arises from throwing the case into the darkness of antiquity; from vague and loose talk about the early Christian time as an age of wonders and prodigies; from failing, in

fact, to bring the mind into real and close contact with the evidence. If a company of us stood by a barren and blasted heath, and one should draw near us and say, "I have come to you with a special message from the Almighty, and in witness of it, this barren tract shall be instantly covered with grain, fit for harvest;" and if "it was so;" and if, to satisfy ourselves that there was no illusion, we had not only "heard," but had seen with our eyes, and looked upon, and our "hands had handled" the evidence; and if we then should turn round upon the messenger, and should say, "we do not know all the powers of nature, and therefore we do not believe that this is a real miracle; some extraordinary energies of nature, to us unknown, to you well known, may have produced this result, and therefore we cannot admit your claim;" what, I pray, would be thought of such an answer? Would it be any less than impertinent and unphilosophical? Nay, would it not be something more?

We are now prepared to ask, how miracles are proof of a revelation; and to state what is to be understood by the applicability of such proof.

On this subject there is a great deal of loose language scattered up and down among the books of theology and philosophy, and through the current talk of the present day, from which to disentangle the truth, only requires that we should just simply distinguish between things that differ.

The main distinction to be made, is that between truth and revealed truth; and between truth, and the *commission* to utter it. There are, in the Bible, self-evident truths; truths embraced by all human consciousness. To these, miracles have no application; they are presupposed in the case. They are not the revelation, but the basis on which the revelation proceeds. Revelation has nothing to do with them; unless it might be, in some dark age, to revive and re-affirm them. Properly speaking, revelation has no more to do with convincing us that there is a difference between right and wrong, than that there is a difference between white and black. But there may be relations of these primary convictions which are quite beyond the reach of human consciousness. And there may be a special commission from heaven to speak to man, with which human *consciousness* has no more to do, than with what is passing in the planet Herschel. And to these assumptions of superior, of superhuman knowledge and authority, miracles have

so direct and palpable an application, that nothing else conceivable as an argument *has any* application to them. Nay, the things themselves are miracles.

Now, we hear a great deal about the difference between the internal and the external evidence ; and we find a disposition in many, altogether to prefer the former ; altogether to underrate the latter. What is the internal evidence ? If it be only the self-evident truth, or obvious moral beauty of the Bible ; *that* no more proves it to be a divine communication, than the same truth or beauty proves the writings of Fenelon, or even of Rousseau, to be a divine communication. Any book in the world is divine on this hypothesis. But if, by the internal evidence be meant that manifest moral superiority to the age, for which unaided human powers cannot account, — that, for instance, which appears in the Psalms of David, and in the sayings of Jesus, — this, I grant, *is* evidence. But this is a miracle. And it is a miracle too, which, by no means possesses that charm of extreme obviousness, which is commonly so much lauded in the so-called internal evidence. It is a miracle, fully to apprehend which, requires a thorough knowledge of the history, literature, and philosophy of ancient times, such as few possess ; and an acute perception of the essential difficulty of moral illumination, which is perhaps still more rare. If simplicity, in the evidence, be what is demanded, the miracles of the New Testament possess that quality in a far higher degree.

We hear men and women talking very loftily about their own convictions, their own intuitions. These are enough for *them*. They want no miracles ; though it has pleased Infinite Wisdom to provide such. The miracles, with them, instead of being the stable, and strong, and enduring facts of our Christian dispensation, seem to have become the weak and beggarly elements of some older, some worn-out dispensation. They have come upon quite new ground. They have acquired a transcendent illumination.

Well, what is it ? What is this illumination ? What is this wonderful intuition ? I suppose they will not hold, with Luther, and Calvin, and Edwards, that this spiritual perception is itself a miracle. If not, then this perception is common to all human beings. The Hindoo upon the banks of the Ganges, — the red man of our own forest wilds, hath it. Hath he, then, a revelation ? Not in degree, indeed, but in *kind*, — hath he as truly a special communication from God, as we have ? Or, if

this is not maintained, will it yet be said, that when a special communication is presented, he hath that spiritual perception which will of itself attest it to be such? But what is the nature of this evidence? In a certain book, a man intuitively perceives certain moral truths. Does it from hence follow that the book is divine; or that it contains any special communication from heaven? Hath it any more sanction than any other good book? And is it, then, the result of this self-complacent intuition, that it strips the Bible of every trait but of mere human wisdom, — of a merely human communication, — of all but mere human authority? And are we altogether mistaken in supposing, that God has been pleased to give us some other manifestations of his paternal interest for us, than those which are found in our natural and intuitive convictions?

Well, it is said, what, after all, have you got? What avails this external evidence of miracles, when most learned theologians admit, that the Apostles, like other men, were liable to mistake? It is evident that there are some discrepancies in the narrative; and that some of the Apostles erred in supposing that the end of the world was at hand. I answer, that this objection is altogether hypercritical and irrelevant. It is of no sort of importance that we should maintain, in order to establish the value of the message, that the messengers possessed any superhuman infallibility. In fact, what absolute infallibility can mean, in a case where human language is the vehicle of thought, and human minds are its recipients, I profess myself unable to conceive.

But this unerring accuracy, whether of style or of thought, has nothing to do with the substantial claims of the communication. The messengers were human teachers and witnesses. Suppose that they were commissioned to give a divine warrant to the hope of a future life; and to dissipate all Pantheistic dreams, by assuring us that the Infinite God hath a special and spiritual care for his creatures on earth; and in fine, to hold up the life and the death of Jesus as the great example and hope of mankind. Was any supernatural infallibility needed to teach these things?

There is one point indeed, and only one, where the teacher's fallibility would very nearly touch him; and that is, in regard not to his communications, but to his own impressions. In this respect, miracles seem as necessary to the teacher's assurance, as to ours. For how otherwise could he know that he had any

special commission to teach? He might have an impression to that effect; but how, with any just knowledge of the boundless vagaries of the human mind, could he be assured that it was not a mere impression, — a mistake, — a hallucination? I know of nothing that could lawfully satisfy himself, but a miracle. And for myself, as a receiver of his message, I should say that the more confidence he had, *without* that confirmation, the less should I confide in him. The world has been full of such vain confidences. The history of such fanaticism naturally puts us on the most jealous guard. I once had a fellow-student come to me, with a solemn and preternatural air, and say, "I come to you with a message from God!" "Well," I said to him, "work a miracle." It was the natural demand that sprung to my lips, as the only thing that could authenticate such a mission. And so, I think, every man would say.

Once more; it is said, nay, and gravely laid down in books of theology, that miracles do not prove the religion to be true, but rather that the religion proves the miracles to be true; that miracles do not establish the doctrine, but the doctrine the miracles. I confess that I must feel more respect than I do for the old theologians, and must see more clearness in their reasonings on this particular point, before I can give any weight either to their authority or arguments. Luther considers FAITH to be the true miracle, and says that those recorded in the New Testament are fit only to influence heathens and children. Calvin repudiates all argument. He says that the Scripture "is self-authenticated, carrying with it its own evidence, and ought not to be made the subject of demonstration and arguments from reason." "We seek not arguments or probabilities to support our judgment," he says, "but submit our judgments and understandings as to a thing concerning which it is impossible to judge." "It is such a persuasion as requires no reasons; and in fine, such a sentiment as cannot be produced but by a revelation from heaven."* Thus do these theologians, fitly beginning with the denial of reason, subvert the order of proofs laid down in the Scriptures, and presumptuously substitute for the Bible miracles the miracle of their own experience. The simplest distinction will extricate the subject from all the difficulties which these writers, and such as these, have thrown

* Institutes, Chap. vii.

around it. The miracles, say they, prove nothing without a previous conviction of the truth of the religion. Now, if they had used the phrase *mission of Christ*, instead of the phrase *religion of Christ*, they would have felt that they must pause on the threshold of such a rash and absurd declaration. For what is the point to be proved? *Not* the truth of the doctrine, nor of the religion, so far as it consists in love, mercy, and good works. All this was true, and known to be true, before the religion came. The point to be proved, if there is anything to be *proved*, is this, the divine mission of Jesus. It is the simple fact, that Jesus came with a special commission from the Father to teach and save the world. Now, can any man open his eyes, — upon Scripture, or upon reason, or upon the face of his fellow, — and say, the miracles do not prove the mission, but the mission proves the miracles? That is, — I must be convinced that a thing is true; and then I am prepared to believe in the miracle that is wrought to prove it. Suppose a man should come, like Swedenborg, and say, “In heaven there are palaces and groves, gardens and streams, and I am commissioned from heaven to tell you so;” and suppose he should, as in reason he ought, offer to submit his message and his mission to the test of miracle. What would be the answer of this extraordinary logic? “No, do not work a miracle. First, let me be convinced of the truth of what you say; and then I shall believe in the miracle!”

I cannot stop to answer all the careless questions that are put, upon this point, because I think that the distinction which I have stated, and reiterated till I fear it is wearisome, will carry us through the whole subject. They seem all to be implied, however, in this one confused sentence of Mr. Coleridge. “What can we think,” he says, “of a theological theory which makes its whole religion to consist in the belief of miracles?” We may think what we will, I answer, and nobody will be harmed by it. Nobody ever pretended to take this ground. The whole religion of a man includes his essential virtue. No one says that this “consists” in *any* speculative conviction. Then, again, as to mere belief, — to what, strictly speaking, does it relate? Not to the self-evident truths of the Bible. These are certainties, not matters of belief. Belief takes hold of the mission, and of certain facts, not self-evident, which are attested by it. Belief is founded on evidence. But yet again; when we say that this evidence is miracle, we do not say that

it stands alone. It is implied in the very case supposed, that the miracle-worker be a good man, — his doctrine good, — his communication of good tendency, — his mission beneficent. A messenger professes to come from a good king, to an officer of his government, and says, You are commanded to put to death the three best men in the country. The officer says, I cannot believe that this order came from the king. The messenger produces the monarch's signet-ring. The officer says, I will sooner believe that you have stolen it, than I will believe in this message. Doubtless he is right. The essential conditions of evidence do not require him to believe. The preliminary ground is wanting. But suppose that the messenger proposes to him some apparently good, but very extraordinary enterprise, involving immense interests. Then the officer demands some voucher to prove that this is the will of the king. And what will this be? It must be something that none other than the monarch himself can give, — his signature or his signet. All this applies, with enhanced force, to a communication from heaven.

But may not the signature be forged, — the signet stolen? This brings us to the only remaining question, about the evidence of miracles. It is said that there may be false miracles as well as true: that miracles may be wrought by demoniacal agency; and that it is implied in Scripture, that there are bad miracles, or miracles at least that prove nothing. I answer, in the first place, that even if there were such miracles, it is none the less true that other miracles *are appealed to*, by Jesus himself, in attestation of his mission; and I might stop with this reply. But I answer, in the second place, that I do not believe that any such miracles ever were wrought. I do not believe that the Author of nature ever permitted its laws to be suspended in attestation of a falsehood. Whether or not, there is a class of beings called demons, I do not know. But supposing there were, — it would amount to scarcely less than a contradiction in terms, to say that the God of truth would permit them to assume his peculiar prerogative to prove a falsehood.

But I am sensible that this is not the point that is sought to be controverted. There is no belief in demons, I suppose, in the minds of those who now-a-days bring this argument from false miracles; nor do they believe that the false miracles are really interruptions of the order of nature; but it is designed by this argument to throw doubt altogether over this species of evidence, if not indeed over this species of fact.

For this purpose certain passages of Scripture are appealed to. In the first place it is said, in the Bible, that if a prophet or apostle assert palpable falsehood, he is not to be believed though he should work a miracle. Very true; but does it follow that any such miracle was ever wrought? Or, when in ages addicted to divining and necromancy, men are put upon their guard against deception, does it follow that there is no truth to be separated and distinguished from falsehood? Counterfeits are commonly allowed to prove that there is a true coin. But at least, it may be said, such passages prove that there is a criterion of truth in the mind which is above miracles. Yes, as far as that criterion can go,—to questions of simple right and wrong,—and to the rejection of every commission that should violate those simple dictates of truth,—but not to matters that are above and beyond all this. Here, in fact, the moral sense is not a criterion. It defines the basis of belief, but not the superstructure. If indeed the superstructure is such as destroys the basis, we cannot hold to it. But if the superstructure fairly and firmly stands on the basis, then it is not for us to say how high it shall rise. Now the special commission to teach is from heaven,—and the revelation is *of* a heaven,—and these are matters far above our reach. And when these matters are attested by miracles, will any man say that his moral sense can properly come in, and pronounce whether these things are so or not? Again; it is said that signs and wonders are slightly spoken of in the New Testament, as things which an evil and idolatrous generation seek. But even if miracles are meant in these cases, nothing would be proved to their prejudice. The desire to see them might be a vain curiosity; but the things themselves might be none the less valuable for that. But once more; it is said that miracles were wrought by those who had no commission to teach,—no commission from heaven of any kind. It does not appear to me that any such thing can be proved. There were exorcists among the Jews. Who believes that they had any *power* to exorcise or heal? What proves it? Jesus says, “If I cast out devils by Beelzebub, by whom do your children cast them out?” An *argumentum ad hominem*. You believe in such miracles. Why then reject mine? But the disciples say, “We saw one exorcising in thy name, and we forbade him.” Does it follow that the exorcist had the power which he claimed, or which the disciples may have supposed? But why then does Jesus say,

“forbid him not!” Because amidst the great objects of his mission, he did not choose to interfere with every petty prejudice existing among the Jews.

On the whole, then, and after all these cases are considered, what is the conclusion? Why, here stands the plain fact, that *Jesus did appeal to the miracles he wrought, as proof that his mission was from God*. If there is nothing extraordinary, nothing supernatural, in that mission, what can be the meaning of such an appeal? If the miracles are appealed to, what is there in any pretended miracles, or in any bare *supposition* of miraculous powers used for unholy ends, to resist that solemn declaration? Here, I say, stands the fact. You cannot tear it from the record. You cannot reject it, without denying that the writers were credible and honest men. I do not merely say, there is no Christian theory, but I aver that there is no consistent theory, on which this religion can be received, and this testimony rejected.

“Who then can be saved? If it is necessary to sound the depths of the historical evidence, by which we arrive at the miraculous facts of Christianity, not one in a thousand does it, or can do it.”

I answer, that it is not necessary. Fact is one thing; the philosophy of the fact is another. Men *do* believe in the Scriptures, and they derive all the essential benefit of believing, — they derive it *from their believing*, and not from a knowledge of all the historical or philosophical grounds of their belief. They believe in the obvious rectitude and beauty of the religion. They believe, too, in its miraculous facts; and there is a very simple chain of evidence that takes them back to those facts. Leland’s “Method with the Deist” is a “short method,” and most persons very well understand it. But at any rate, they believe; and it is not necessary to the beneficial or saving character of that belief, that they should be profound critics.

Nor is this distinction peculiar to Christianity. Men believe in the great truths of morality; but they do not understand the philosophy of it. There have been a dozen theories about morals; but still men believe in morals. They never studied the questions; but they believe in the things. So they take the facts of nature, and found upon them the whole prudence and practice of life; but, in general, they know nothing about their philosophy.

Do I say, then, that the philosophy is of no importance? By no means. It is very important and interesting to those whose minds have leisure and expansion to go into it. But I say that it is not necessary to effective belief.

"No, indeed, it is not," says some one. "I believe in the Gospel, because I feel its divinity. Not its miracles persuade me, but its spirit. When I commune deeply with the mind of Jesus, I feel that his words are the words of truth and of God." When you say this, you may be a very good Christian; but you are not a very good philosopher. In this sense, Rousseau believed. In an unpublished manuscript letter of his, which I once saw, he says to Mons. Vernes, a pastor in Geneva, "I believe in the Gospel. It is the most interesting of all writings. When all other books weary me, I turn to it with ever fresh delight. When the miseries of life press upon me, I resort to it for consolation." But was Rousseau a believer?

You say that you believe in the Gospel, on account of its obvious truth and beauty. Do you not feel the same thing, to a certain extent, in the writings of Fenelon? But did Fenelon come from God, in the same sense in which the great Master did? Nay, will you not say rather that you make a wide distinction?—that Jesus was an unerring teacher,—that there was nothing which he ever thought or felt, but it would be perfect guidance to you,—and that the seal of a peculiar and divinely inspired wisdom was upon him? Then indeed are you a Christian philosopher; but then, also, do you believe in a miracle. And what barrier there is, to separate this from the miraculous facts of the Gospel, I cannot perceive. There may be an ultra-spiritualism in this matter, but I cannot accept it as the full and comprehensive philosophy of revelation.

On the whole and in fine, let me not be thought to discredit inward illumination. In experience it is everything. The Gospel is nothing without it,—belief is nothing without it,—miracles are nothing without it. It is that vital believing, without which nothing would avail a man,—no, though one rose from the dead. That insight, I am persuaded, is to go far deeper than it has gone yet. It will reveal a yet unsuspected power of the Gospel,—a yet unsuspected application of it, to the heart and the life,—to all the questions about the problem of human existence and the providence of divine wisdom,—to the deep struggle after happiness,—and to the great welfare of humanity.

Let me now sum up the substance of this Article. I have gone into a detail, unnecessary I am sensible, and perhaps tedious to the theologian, but I have thought that the state of the public mind required it.

My faith, then, is the faith of supernaturalism. This faith, properly speaking, has no relation to the self-evident truths of the Gospel. These are to be entirely laid out of the case and the question. They are not things to be proved at all; they are previously established certainties. The faith of supernaturalism relates to a special divine mission, and to certain truths or facts which are out of the reach of human consciousness and intuition. To say, for instance, that Moses did not work miracles to prove any speculative truth, is nothing to the purpose. He wrought miracles to prove his divine commission. To say that miracles do not prove such a mission, but the mission the miracles, is absurd. And to the establishment of such a claim, miracles are *pertinent* evidence; and to this end, they must be not illusory or seeming, but real miracles; that is, real deviations from the order of nature. Now, no man can deny that there may be such deviations; and our ignorance of nature is no more an argument against believing, than it is for it. The question, then, is open for evidence; and the question, be it remembered, is not about knowing, but about believing. I do not *know* that Jesus wrought miracles, but I firmly believe it. Why? Because he constantly asserted it; because his Apostles constantly attested it. But why do I confide in the Apostles? Because I believe that they were honest men. Is not their honesty, then, the first link in the chain? Yes; but the last link is miracles. But how do I come at this conviction of their honesty! Not by intuition, but by evidence. A world of evidence satisfies me that they were true men, and that they truly attested these miraculous facts. I believe them. No ingenuity of criticism, nor vague dreaming about prodigies and false miracles, can erase those facts from the record. What, then, have I in this record? A communication of inexpressible interest,—a voice from heaven! On any other hypothesis, what have I? A mere book of natural religion, overlaid with a parcel of absurd stories. Between these suppositions I cannot hesitate which to choose, as the philosophy of my religion.

O. D.

ART. VII. — *Sixth Annual Report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester.* December, 1838. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. pp. 88. 1839.

WE have derived so much gratification from the perusal of this report, that we hasten to lay before our readers what strike us as its most important and interesting parts. A report with its statistical tables and array of figures, like a sermon with its formal divisions, is very apt to be looked upon as dull reading, and so thrown aside, and by those very persons, perhaps, who are most concerned to be made acquainted with its contents. We can, however, assure such persons, that if, overcoming this repugnance, they will take up the volume of sermons they may perchance have thrown down, and read, they will often find under the form of the sermon, — as in the late volume of Mr. Dewey, — some of the noblest essays in our language. So, too, under the duller and harder title, as it seems to us, of a report, will they sometimes discover learned and eloquent disquisitions upon subjects of deepest interest to the man and the Christian, — as in that brilliant treatise upon common school education, by the Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, which solicits the reader under the winning title, “Board of Education, 1839. Senate, No. 13.”

This sixth report of the trustees of the Worcester Asylum claims attention for the facts which it presents, and the beautiful picture it sets before us of the successful operation of an institution, in which the whole community takes a deep interest. What it has done, and is doing, should be widely known, and it is our object, in this article, to do our part, in giving what circulation we can to the facts and statements presented in the report; first, of the chairman of the trustees, Mr. Mann, and secondly, in that of the superintendent of the Hospital, Dr. Woodward. Our article will consist of little more than extracts from these two documents.

Mr. Mann, after a brief account of the prosperous condition of the institution, and a well-earned commendation of the liberality and promptitude of the legislature in their conduct towards it, makes this general statement of results, obtained from the minute and interesting tables of the superintendent.

“During the six years,” he says, “of the existence of this

hospital, eight hundred and fifty-five insane persons have partaken of its remedial treatment. Of this number, three hundred and forty-four have recovered their lost reason. The residue, with few exceptions, have been reclaimed from a state of nakedness and filth; from ferocity, which assaulted relatives and friends with deadly intent; from melancholy, which poured itself out in continual tears, to a quiet, an orderly, and, to a great extent, a cheerful community, observant of the decorous usages of civilized life." — pp. 4, 5.

But this result, great and delightful as it is, he considers hardly superior to another, less obvious, but not less useful or real, namely; the change which, by the successful treatment of the insane within the walls of the institution, has been wrought in the prevailing ideas relating to the origin of insanity, — as inflicted by the hand of God, — and consequently to its curability.

"The preëminent skill and success of the superintendent of this institution," says Mr. Mann, "manifested for the benefit of so many of our fellow-beings, and in the midst of us all, have effected a deep change in public opinion. They have demonstrated that insanity is a physical disease; that it has its origin in certain natural causes, being induced by a violation of some of the organic laws, upon which mental functions depend; that these causes are not mysterious and inscrutable in any peculiar sense; that they are capable of being recognised and understood, like the causes which bring on consumption or the gout; that insanity is a curable disease; that it is a disease far less dangerous to life than fevers usually are; that the means of effecting its cure have been graciously put into our hands; and finally, that not only the means of cure, but the ways of prevention, in ordinary cases, have been entrusted to us, accompanied by the responsibility of rightly using them. Insanity, therefore, is no longer to be looked upon as some vast, unknown, and awful minister of evil or judgment to mankind; as dreadful for its mysteriousness as for its actual terrors. It is not an evil to which one person is as much exposed as another; or to whose assaults any one is equally exposed at all times, and under varying circumstances. It is a calculable agency. We see why it befalls, and how it may be averted. We see, that, should we all obey certain laws, which are annexed to our being, and are the conditions of enjoying mental soundness, we should be exempt from its power; but we also see, that, if we will transgress rules, to whose violation the dreadful consequences of insanity have been attached, it is as

certain to befall us, as fire is to burn. The excellence of these discoveries is, that they convert a disease, once most formidable and appalling from its uncertainty, into a measurable and calculable agency, — an agency whose action can be put aside, in most cases, by adopting certain precautions; or can even be repelled, when expending its force upon us, by the application of certain known remedies. They make known, also, that there are certain indulgences, whose continuance is an infallible mode of bringing the full severity of its woe upon the transgressor." — pp. 5, 6.

But though insanity is thus maintained and demonstrated to yield to the use of means, it is shown in the tables of Dr. Woodward, that their success, almost more than in the case of other diseases, depends upon their being resorted to in the early stages of the complaint. The results of these tables are thus brought together by Mr. Mann.

"The twelfth table of the superintendent shows, that upon the proper and usual basis of computation, the proportion of cures at this hospital, in recent cases, — that is, in cases of less than one year's duration at the time when received, — is ninety-four per cent.; while the proportion of cures in cases of more than five years' duration, has been only twelve and a half per cent., and in cases of more than ten years' duration, only three and a half per cent. Or, to present the same fact in another striking point of view, the proportion of the old cases, remaining at the end of this year, is about eighty-seven and a half per cent.; while the proportion of recent cases remaining at the same time, is only twelve and a half per cent. — p. 11.

These are very striking facts; and how urgent is the duty which they impose upon the friends of those who may show indications of this disease, to attend to its earliest symptoms, and apply in season the treatment, which, when applied in season, is now proved to be so almost certainly efficacious.

The chairman next classifies the causes of insanity; and, first, as to their power to induce the disease. Viewed in this light, the causes of insanity, in the eight hundred and fifty-five cases at the hospital, rank thus: — "1. Intemperance. 2. Ill health of all kinds. 3. Masturbation. 4. Domestic affliction. 5. Religious excitements. 6. Loss of property and fear of poverty. 7. Disappointed ambition. 8. Injuries of the head. 9. Use of snuff and tobacco. In a few cases, the cause of insanity is unknown. Foreigners and citizens of other

states found insane in this, have occasionally been committed, whose histories could not be ascertained. Probably we should approximate the truth very closely in distributing the unknown causes under the above heads, according to their relative proportions."

He next speaks of these causes as they are subject to human control, or as they yield to treatment. And here their order changes very essentially. Nearly one third part of the cases, which have been in the hospital from the beginning, are cases of hereditary insanity, and these are to a great extent beyond human control. Several other classes of cases are also stated to be almost equally hopeless, those, namely, which come under the heads of "ill health," "domestic affliction," and "religious excitement." But those causes which singly send the greatest numbers of sufferers to the hospital, Intemperance and Masturbation, are both within human control, and that immediately. Not that the treatment of the hospital can remove the disease, when once firmly seated, but that by private and public care the disease may be prevented in its approaches, or arrested in its earlier stages. The last of the two causes just named stands third in point of power to deprive its victims of reason. The statements of the report on this head are to us new, and fearful as they are new. We can feel not a moment's hesitation at presenting in our pages the results at which the superintendent has arrived, and which are found in his tables. If the State is to be at so great charges to erect and endow an institution like this for the reception of the victims, not of misfortune alone, but of vice also, and then sends out to the community in its reports the conclusions, which it has reached, concerning the causes which are secretly operating to crowd its wards, it is the least which the journalist can do to disseminate such information to the extent that may be in his power. If his pages will be read by any to whom the report itself would be little likely to go, they should then bear with them, if nothing more, an abstract of what the State, in its wisdom and benevolence, has deemed it right and proper to publish for the public good.

"The cause of insanity," says the Report of the Trustees, "which ranks as the third in point of power to deprive its victims of reason, is perfectly within human control, and that *immediately*. This form of insanity is suffered by the young. It differs from other forms, in two material respects. Before it is incurred, the way of

prevention is perfectly certain ; afterwards, its cure is almost impossible. No one need ever suffer it, unless he so wills ; but when once infatuation has brought it on, it is too fatal to admit a second offence. It is not only most certain in its activity, but above all other kinds of insanity, it stamps its victims with every abhorrent and loathsome stigma of degradation. Such is the nature of this dreadful form of insanity, and the singleness and certainty of the cause from which it proceeds, that we feel perfectly authorized to say, if medical men, parents, and teachers of youth, would do their duty on this one subject to the rising generation, this frightful and prolific cause, which stands the third upon the list in point of destructive efficiency, would substantially cease, in a single year. It is the vice of ignorance, not of depravity. The sufferers are, personally, less offenders than victims ; but the welfare of the hospital and the interests of humanity imperatively demand, that something should be done to rescue the most moral, conscientious, and sometimes the most promising youth of the state, from the mind-wasting ravages of an indulgence, of whose terrible consequences they have never been forewarned." — pp. 9, 10.

Take also the statements of the superintendent.

"The number of admissions from masturbation, the last year, have been less, and the cases of a more favorable character. Six cases only are known to have arisen from this cause ; but probably *three* or *four* others may have done so. *Four* or *five* of these cases have recovered, and have been discharged with such feelings of the nature and tendency of the practice, as it may confidently be hoped, will ensure them from future indulgence and its consequences.

"If, from this reduced number of cases from this debasing cause, we could indulge hope that the evil had diminished with the young, and that, as light is diffused upon the subject, the habit had become less common, it should encourage to perseverance in all the means which prudence and delicacy will admit, to exterminate a cause of insanity most fruitful in the destruction of every quality of mind and feeling which distinguishes man from animals of inferior creation." — p. 49.

In another place, Dr. Woodward bears this testimony.

"For the last four years it has fallen to my lot to witness, examine, and mark the progress of from ten to twenty-five cases daily, who have been the victims of this debasing habit, and I aver that no cause whatever, which operates upon the human system, prostrates all its energies, mental, moral, and physical,

to an equal extent. I have seen more cases of idiocy from this cause alone, than from all the other causes of insanity. If insanity and idiocy do not result, other diseases, irremediable and hopeless, follow in its train, or such a degree of imbecility marks its ravages upon body and mind as to destroy all the happiness of life, and make existence wretched in the extreme."

Spurtzheim, — that genuine philanthropist, — in his work on education, takes care to put parents on their guard in respect to this habit.

"Let them," (the young,) he says, "know the dreadful consequence of this vice, on the whole body, and on the manifestations of the mind. Incalculable mischief is done to individuals and mankind at large, by the abuse of amateness. Many become insane, and, in numerous instances, mind and body are ruined, and all happiness undermined by its disorderly gratifications. Parents and teachers commonly are not watchful enough in this respect. A too anxious taciturnity of parents on these points, will rather do harm than good, because the propensity is innate, and acts without restraint, if its destination and the consequences of abuse be not clearly shown to children."

Intemperance, while it stands at the head of the active causes of insanity, is yet, like the last, susceptible of immediate and final suppression. Let the community and the individual do their duty, and not another patient need enter the walls of a hospital. It is here shown by Mr. Mann to deserve all the reproach that has been cast upon it, as one of the fruitful sources of human suffering.

"In all the ascertained and proximate causes of insanity at this hospital, intemperance stands out prominently and alone, as the most successful agent in the overthrow of human reason. One other cause, that of 'ill health of all kinds,' exhibits a small fraction more than two thirds as many victims as intemperance. The next most prolific cause is the one last above spoken of, and which is susceptible of being prevented at once. After these two, there is no other which sends half so many inmates to the hospital as intemperance. Here, therefore, we meet with a calamity, self-produced by the sufferer. He is not brought into the world, exposed, though innocent, to the sorest of human misfortunes, compelled to bear infirmities not his own, and to expiate offences, committed by his ancestors. But he is the voluntary procuring cause of his own fate; and the punishment he suffers looked him in the face, during the transgressions which incurred

it. But, though this fact ought to supply adequate motives to all for resisting this form of temptation ; yet it is not so much on account of the sufferers themselves, as on account of others, that the trustees here refer to it." — p. 10.

The report of Dr. Woodward, the superintendent, consists of eighteen tables, presenting with great minuteness the whole statistics of insanity, followed by explanations, and remarks upon each. These are followed by accounts of particular cases, exceedingly interesting in themselves, and as evidences of the happy effects resulting from the manner of treatment adopted by the physician, but for which we must refer the reader to the pages of the report itself. We cannot, however, pass over the account given by Dr. Woodward of the results of the experiment of instituting public worship for the insane. It is a new and singular testimony to the power of religion over the human mind. The success of the experiment appears to have been complete. Religious services seem to have operated, in some cases, with a power beyond that which has attended the use of all other means, to subdue, into a temporary calm, minds, which before had raged in their wild violence almost without intermission.

"It is now more than a year," says the superintendent, "since we commenced having religious worship in our chapel. During that time, with very few exceptions, we have had *two* regular meetings on each Sabbath ; more than *one hundred* sermons have been preached to our congregation by about *thirty* clergymen of different denominations. At the present time we have a regular chaplain. We have a choir of singers, who perform very acceptably every Sabbath ; in the course of the season, from *thirty* to *forty* patients have belonged to this choir ; on some occasions the music has been led by a patient ; we have never less than *two*, and generally *three* or *four* musical instruments in our choir."

"The number of patients that have been in the hospital, since the chapel was dedicated, is three hundred and seventy-six, of which number three hundred and fourteen have attended religious worship. Of the one hundred and seventy-seven, that have been admitted during the last year, one hundred and forty-four have been in the chapel more or less.

"The number that assemble on each Sabbath, varies from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty, making, with our family, a congregation of from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred.

"The order and decorum of these meetings have been to all who have witnessed them no less gratifying than surprising; the patients have, almost without exception, felt the importance of quiet and order.

"The power of self-control, which many excited patients have exercised in the chapel, during the hour of worship, a control which no motive could induce them to exercise elsewhere, is itself a most forcible argument in favor of religious worship for the insane.

"Many interesting examples might be given of the restraint which these occasions have imposed, which exhibit, in a strong light, the influence which our institutions of religion have upon the character of our citizens, even when insane.

"On the evening previous to the dedication of the chapel, a patient was brought to the hospital, who had been quite furious and excited for a considerable time; he was so much fatigued by his journey, that he went immediately to bed, and we hoped would be quiet and rest well through the night; after midnight he arose in great alarm, rushed to his window, and broke the glass as rapidly as possible. The disturbance which he made, aroused me and others, and we were immediately in his room; he was exceedingly agitated, and declared that enemies were breaking into his room, and he was fighting them off. He was placed in a strong room, and suffered to remain till morning. When I visited him in the morning, he was composed and peaceable; having learned that we were to have a public meeting in the chapel, he proposed to attend. I expressed some fears that he would not be able to control himself; but upon receiving his pledge, consented that he might attend. During the service he was perfectly quiet, and conducted with the utmost propriety; the next day he again broke his window on the same pretence. He continued considerably excited for some time after, but attended chapel every Sabbath, and conducted with the utmost propriety. He recovered favorably, and was discharged in less than three months."

"Sometime in the winter, a young woman was brought to the hospital, whose mind appeared perfectly demented; she talked incessantly in the day time and most of the night, and there appeared to be no amendment in the case for a long time. One sabbath morning, while talking in her indistinct and rapid manner as usual, I proposed to her to attend chapel, more to see what influence the proposition would have upon her mind, than from any expectation that she would consent to go, or would command herself if she went. She expressed a desire to attend, and was permitted; she was perfectly silent and quiet for the hour, made

not the least disturbance, and returned regularly to her room ; no sooner had she done so than she commenced talking again, and continued it till the hour of service in the afternoon. She again attended in the same orderly manner, and continued to do so for weeks, although the same disposition to talk remained. She ultimately recovered, and the first motive which was effectual to excite self-control, was the desire and determination not to disturb the religious exercises of the Sabbath. *The benefit of one hour of self-control, in such a case, from such a cause, is incalculable.* It is needless to add cases. If a stranger was to visit our congregation in the chapel, he would at first discover little worthy of observation ; he would find from *one hundred and fifty to two hundred* people assembled together, quietly seated, neatly dressed, resembling in all respects an ordinary congregation." — pp. 75 – 79.

What a picture is this which follows !

" If, however, he was told that here from *eight to ten* homicides were mingled with the others, and *four* times as many other individuals, who, in their moments of excitement, had violated the public peace, or trampled on private rights when wholly irresponsible ; that on his right hand sat the 'owner' of all things, whose self complacency will not be likely to be disturbed by any animadversions which may be made upon the character of the 'true God ;' that by him sits the poet and commentator, who swallows every word that is uttered from the desk, and returns to write commentaries on the text which shall, at some future day, fill his purse with riches, and the world with 'celestial light ;' that here may be found 'the King of England, the King of Heaven, the heir apparent to the throne of Prussia,' and the 'Prophet over Albany, who speaks from Jehovah,' and who daily expects the 'patroon' to send him a coach with black horses, to carry him to his friends ; that here is also the military chieftain, the man of wealth, 'the rich poor man and poor rich man,' the mother of Christ, and innumerable other characters not less consequential ; that here may also be found the laughing idiot, the perpetual jabberer, the gay, the passionate, the depressed, a hundred individuals with the delusions, impulses, and propensities of insanity, so active as to be constantly obvious in their conduct and conversation elsewhere, now listening with deep solemnity to the exhibitions of divine truth, uniting with apparent devotion in the fervent prayer, and joining with pleasure in the song of praise, — I say, could all this fail to astonish him ? Can an hour, twice on each Sabbath, spent in this way fail to make the most favorable impression on the insane mind ?

"What may not be expected from one hour of self-control, brought into requisition twice on each Sabbath, independent of the instructions and admonitions from the desk ?

"The more I contemplate this subject, and the more I witness this influence, the greater is my estimate of good from our chapel exercises.

"There is no community that observes the Sabbath more strictly than that of the hospital ; no labor is done but what is work of necessity or mercy. Amusements are all laid aside, and the Bible, religious publications, sermons, and other appropriate books, are very generally read on the Sabbath, before and after worship, by the quiet and sober part of our family." — pp. 79, 80.

Here is another of a different sort, but almost as remarkable, of the order, regularity, and general comfort of the tenants of the hospital.

"While this paragraph is being written," says the superintendent, "with every room in this large establishment occupied, amounting in numbers to more than *two hundred and thirty* patients, but *one* individual, either man or woman, in our wards, has upon his or her person any restraint whatever ; five only are in strong rooms in consequence of violence ; the remainder of the strong rooms are occupied by imbeciles and idiots, because we have no other place for them to occupy.

"Of this number of insane persons, a very great proportion of whom were sent into the hospital "furiously mad and dangerous to go at large," *two hundred and twenty* at least sit at the table at their meals, use knives, forks, and crockery, like other boarders, and generally conduct themselves with decorum and propriety. At night, each has his bed, consisting of a good hair mattress, a straw bed, pillow of hair or feathers, and covering of blankets, comforters, and quilts, a bedstead, &c., as comfortable in all respects as lodgers in a private family generally are. It is rare that these privileges are abused ; no injury has ever been done with knives and forks, comparatively little crockery has been broken, and the beds have been preserved neat and comfortable, with very few exceptions." — p. 59.

We cannot close our article without recurring once more to the Report of the Trustees. It is there shown, as has been already stated, that the cases of insanity arising from intemperance and masturbation, two of the three most prolific causes of derangement, while they are instances of insanity brought upon the individuals themselves by their own vices, are at the same

time the least curable, and of course occupy longest the apartments of the hospital, and the greatest number of them ; yet it is these very patients, sent to its wards by the order of the courts, whom the institution is bound to receive in preference to all other applicants.

" It will be seen on inspection of Table 14, that the intemperate insane furnish a less proportion of cures, than any other class except one. Thus they occupy the rooms of the hospital earliest ; they retain them longest ; they virtually close the doors of the hospital against other cases of a recent date, and by thus postponing the admission of such cases to a later period, deprive them of the chance they otherwise would have enjoyed of a restoration to reason, to society, to their families.

" Now, were it not for the two classes last above mentioned, in which the insanity is caused by the misconduct or guilt of the sufferers themselves, the liberal means provided in the state would, in a short time, it is believed, prove sufficient for the relief of its insane citizens.

" In administering the affairs of the institution, a painful necessity has from time to time been imposed upon the trustees, of remanding to the jails and houses of correction of the respective counties whence they came, a large number of the inmates, in order to make room for the more ferocious, committed by the courts. In all, seventy-three persons have been discharged from the hospital, solely for want of room. This number is greater than that originally received from the jails, houses of correction, and poor houses, when the hospital was first opened. It will be seen, therefore, that the class of persons for whose relief it was primarily erected, and who otherwise might have participated in its privileges, have been excluded from time to time, to make room for two classes of persons, who have brought their insanity upon themselves, by their own misconduct or crimes. In removing a part of the inmates to give accommodations to the two last named classes, the trustees have made no discrimination between those whose insanity was occasioned without any fault or offence of their own, and those upon whom the disease was self-inflicted. This being a test not prescribed by the Legislature, they have not felt themselves authorized to apply it." — pp. 12, 13.

A regret is expressed in these statements, that by admitting to the privileges of the hospital the subjects of this self-inflicted insanity, others, upon whom it has fallen as a hereditary visitation, or as an effect of some cause over which they had

no control, are driven from its doors. "In the course of the last year," says Dr. Woodward, "a number of patients have been discharged for want of room, and more than ninety have been rejected from the same cause." This regret is the expression of a natural feeling in view of the circumstances, and we fully participate in it. It seems less than right, that, to make room for the drunkard in his raging madness, — brought upon him by his excesses, — those whose reason has been touched, as we may say, by the hand of God, or who have suffered the same dreadful evil as a legacy of some remote ancestor, or as an effect of any one of the various causes which inflict it wholly independent of any agency of their own, should be turned away. But the remedy of this injustice would not be found in committing another, — in reversing the principles of reception and exclusion. Because the intemperate have brought the calamity upon themselves, we admit at once is no sufficient reason why they should be abandoned. We feed the starving, though we know that indolence and improvidence have brought them to their sad pass. And we do right. We would fling the doors of the hospital wide open, as they are now, to receive the victims of intemperance, — not one should be driven back, — but we would have those doors made wider and larger, so that none should go away. The walls of the hospital should be made to grow till they can embrace every applicant. The State has done well; but this is no reason why it should not do better. In doing what it has, it has but done its duty, — no more. Nay, not its duty, while NINETY annually knock in vain for admittance. These public Charities should rather, we think, be termed public Duties. They are, rightly considered, the fulfilling of obligations; not the mere indulgence of benevolent sympathies. We like the doctrine, that the State is the parent of the people. It is a genuine part of republicanism. And it is only this, — that the people, in their collective capacity, will look after and protect themselves, so that the poorest brother of them all shall not want, for the reason that he is a brother, an equal, a man. The rest will take care of him. If this is so, and so we believe it to be, then this Worcester Asylum is but an expression of the care which the people feel it to be their duty to take of their suffering members; and while any are still suffering for the want of the necessary care, which they are so abundantly able to impart, they must feel that their duty is not done. This is our feeling as one of the people. And we

say, therefore, let the Hospital be enlarged to the requisite dimensions, or, if that be better, let another be erected at the other extremity of the State, at Pittsfield or Williamstown. The question of money, in such a case, is surely not one to be considered. If, as Mr. Mann affirms, the proportion of insane for Massachusetts is six hundred, — though that number he thinks is below rather than above the truth, — there are now more than two hundred residing probably for the most part in the back part of the State, dwelling many of them in prisons, jails, dens, and cages, for whom no provision is as yet made by either public or private agency. Let the same sense of duty which has built the Hospital at Worcester, double it, or build another in Berkshire.

NOTICES AND INTELLIGENCE.

A Description of the Principal Fruits of Cuba. By F. W. P. GREENWOOD. (From the second volume of the Boston Journal of Natural History.) — One of the pleasant circumstances in our situation, on the rocky shores of this bleak and sterile New England, is the ready communication we have with almost every part of the globe. Our cold winter, with its sharp winds from the north west, and still more the chilly east winds of our spring, may pierce and shatter the body whose tenant is too much engrossed by its moral relations to take proper care of the physical. But some one of the countless ships, which our wants and enterprise are constantly sending to every port, will, in ten days, place the invalid amidst the soft airs and delicious climate of those Indian Islands of the West, which more than realized the hopes of him who from Europe saw them first, as they have ever since the expectations of all who have visited them.

But fully to enjoy the delights of these pleasant islands, one must have had his eyes opened to see, and have learnt to understand and feel, the beauties of the field and forest at home.

Such preparation of eye and head and heart he would do well to make, who was about to journey to foreign regions, if for no other reason than the vast accession of pleasure, from seeing and comparing the varied products of varied climates. And he would be richly rewarded for his labor in that alone. Indeed the labor itself would be more than its own reward. For there is something about all the works of the Divine Architect, the

minutest as well as the most grand, that fills the soul while it occupies the mind. We can hardly, however, expect that, as a preparation for travel alone, the study of nature will often be begun. How can one, who has been insensible to its value as giving him access to the inexhaustible storehouse of facts for the meditations of the philosopher, of images for the fancy of the poet, of illustrations to the moralist, be expected to look to it as promising a new source of pleasure for a summer's ramble or a winter's relaxation?

There is, too, one objection to making this preliminary study of nature, for a voyage or journey undertaken for the recovery of one's health. There would be some danger, — a chance, at least, — of its making the whole work of preparation nugatory, by healing the disease for which the journey was proposed as a cure. If one set himself seriously to the work, — what with climbing hills and threading woods, strolling along river-banks and sea-beaches, penetrating forests to watch shy animals in their quiet haunts, anticipating the dawn, perhaps, to catch birds on their roosts, and see the first flowers open to the light, — especially if he were blessed with the luxury of a garden, and should undertake to transplant and cultivate, in order to study at will new plants, — there would be great danger that, amid all this business of preparation, he should unexpectedly find himself well. We should scarcely, therefore, undertake to recommend the study of nature, to the consumptive or dyspeptic or nervous, as a preparation for more profitable, judicious, and delightful journeying. To the fortunate man of leisure and independence, who, with predetermined will, should propose to travel for the purpose of seeing and enjoying, — to get wider knowledge of the infinitely diversified scheme of the creation, — loftier views of God's works and providence, — there might indeed be recommended some preparation of this kind, as most pleasant in the making and most fruitful in the use.

The description of the fruits of Cuba was minuted down during a two months' residence in that island by one, who, notwithstanding a true love of nature, had, by sedulous devotion to the ever wearing labors of the ministry, trenched too severely upon a constitution already twice before, when he had not as yet learnt to look upon the study of his Father's handiwork as a relief from care and a refreshment after mental exhaustion, weakened and almost broken up by intense application to his duties. Familiar with the productions of his native land, he found himself, in Cuba, surrounded by those which had the charm of novelty, alike to the eye and taste. Grateful for cool shade and refreshing food, he took note of the trees and fruits that furnished them.

On his return he completed his descriptions and read them, at different times, at the meetings of the Boston Society of Natural History. From a much larger number relating to the productions of the island, he consented to have a few, giving an account of the most valuable and characteristic fruits, published in the Transactions of the Society. In this little extract from the second volume of their Journal, we have the description of a large number of tropical fruits, given in the most unpretending manner, alphabetically, and yet under their botanical names, with references to their natural orders and affinities, and much of what is, in reality, though not in appearance, strictly scientific, and interesting to a mere naturalist.

We should be glad, if our limits allowed, to quote many of these descriptions, some of fruits already familiar, and others making familiar fruits before little known. We will at least give a part of the description of the Cocoa-nut tree :

"It is unnecessary to describe the ripe nut, because every child has seen and eaten of it. But it is worth a voyage to the West Indies, or some other tropical part of the world, to see this fruit hanging on its own graceful and glorious tree.

"The trunk of the cocoa rises to a height of fifty or sixty, and sometimes even ninety feet, of nearly a uniform thickness. It differs from that of the Royal Palm, (*Oreodoxa regia*) in always being bent or inclined, in never having a swell, and in being marked, along its whole extent, with deep notches or rings, which are the scars left by the fallen leaves, never obliterated,*and so rough and deep that the tree can generally be ascended by their aid. At the summit of this trunk is a waving tuft of dark green, glossy, pinnate leaves, from ten to twenty feet in length, like gigantic plumes; and just under this tuft are suspended the nuts, in long bunches, of all ages and sizes. The trunk easily supports their weight, for though slender, it is very tough and strong, being composed of hard fibres closely compacted together. When the sea or the land breeze is passing through a group of these trees, and the light is glancing from the leaves which are all alive and trembling with joy, and the nuts are clattering on their stalks almost articulately, — it is something to contemplate by the hour, and to be repeated by the memory through a life-time." — pp. 20, 21.

It is not possible to read the book, without a longing and mouth-watering for some of these tropical delicacies. We were almost ready to repine that we could not be ill enough to have a voyage to Cuba indispensable to us. Indeed we should be quite willing, if it were not so particularly inconvenient to leave our reviews and teachings so long, to be a little out of health for two or three months, so we might but sit under those same trees and eat those bountiful good things.

It is a trick not unknown amongst book-makers, to relieve occasionally the tediousness of their own prosings by choice bits of poetry from approved authors. If the writer of the "Fruits" did not assure us it was for his own gratification and not ours that he did it, we should suspect him of a something just the reverse of this, in setting in contrast his own rich and poetical prose, with the dulness and prosaicalness of Dr. Grainger's Sugar Cane, with extracts from which he sometimes regales us.

The conclusion is evidently given in kind consideration of those of us who are obliged to stay at home, that we may not be too much dissatisfied with our condition :

"I feel that I have enjoyed a great privilege in being permitted to behold the luxuriant forms of vegetation which Providence has allotted to a tropical clime. We have in our colder region no tree which can give any idea of the wonderful grace of the cocoa-nut tree; and the oranges, hanging amid dense and glossy foliage all the year round,

'Like golden lamps in a green night,'

offering to the thirsty lips their fountains of delicious and healthy liquid, are a glory with which our orchards can hardly vie. And yet, if I were asked how the fruits of Cuba compared with our own, I should say, that leaving out the pine-apple and orange, with the taste of both of which we are familiar, those fruits are inferior to our own. He who can begin the summer with strawberries (and cream,) and pass on through the varied season with his fair share of cherries, raspberries, peaches, plums, pears, not forgetting the hedge and field fruits, blackberries, thimbleberries, gooseberries, and whortleberries, have a peck or two of shagbarks and chestnuts dropped into his basket in the frosty mornings of November, and a few barrels of good apples rolled into his cellar for winter use, has no good reason to be dissatisfied with the fruits of his own soil, or to envy the inhabitants of Cuba the enjoyment of theirs." — p. 41.

An Address, delivered at the Odeon, before the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, January 14, 1839. By FREDERICK T. GRAY. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1839. 12mo. pp. 24. — This sensible and valuable Address has been published in compliance with a vote passed by the Managers of the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism in this city. This Society employs an agent, at whose office information is given gratuitously to the poor man or stranger as to where employment may be obtained; by whom places are procured for the exposed and dependent female; boys, beyond the control of their poor or widowed parents, are provided for in various ways, — and a union effected among the various benevolent Societies in the city,

by which means impostors are detected, alms bestowed with more wisdom and concert, and a vast amount of poverty and crime partially or wholly prevented. Its object we deem to be one of the highest importance, and is illustrated in this Address by statements and facts drawn from the experience and personal observation of its author, which demand the serious consideration of all those who are interested in the welfare of the poor or of their race.

Prevention of poverty and crime is the object at which this Society aims, — an object, as it seems to us, which is more and more to be considered by the wise legislator and the true philanthropist. In past ages, and in fact, at the present time, most of our benevolent institutions and laws, in regard to this subject, have no other or higher object, than to remedy these evils after they have been permitted to debase and degrade the individual, and to disturb the well-being of society. Worse than this; for *alms-giving*, in many forms, is proved by this Address to be not even a remedy for present suffering, but rather an aggravation of the evil. Self-respect is too often broken down by it, — while intemperance, idleness, cheating, and other vices are engendered or encouraged by street beggary, and other modes of eleemosynary relief. The proofs adduced in proof of this are at once startling and appalling.

An extract on the effect of street beggary, especially upon children, will illustrate our meaning in relation to this single point, which, as the author remarks, should lead “every one to desist from giving alms at their doors, except to those who are known to them, — because, and we cannot but repeat it, they may by this means make whole families dependent upon charity, increase ten-fold their idle and intemperate habits, and be the unconscious means of training up children to moral ruin and destruction.”

“Let me now show you the dreadful effects of street begging upon children, which this Society has it in view to prevent. Not long since, a lady in this city, in going up stairs, perceived her chamber door partly open, and on entering saw a little girl, of about twelve years of age, at a trunk, examining its contents. Upon hearing the lady, the child instantly took up a basket she had with her, and said in reply to the inquiry, what she wanted, that she was looking for a person who she was told lived in that room. Upon visiting the mother afterwards, she expressed great surprise; but she did not exhibit much *surprise* in her manner. But a short time elapsed before the name of this child appeared in the newspapers, as having been presented at the Police Court for stealing in a dwelling house. And this little girl was, and had been often sent out by her mother, to beg for cold victuals. The child is now at South Boston.

"A few weeks since, a little girl, with a basket on her arm, was met in the street by a gentleman, who knew the child's family well, when the following conversation took place.

"Where are you going?" "To get cold victuals." "Are you going to any particular house?" "No,—I go to any house." "Where is your sister now?" "She is at South Boston, at the House of Reformation." "How came she there?" "Why, she went out one day, and stole some money from a house."

Yes,—and that sister had been sent out by its parents to beg till she learned to steal, and when she was finally sent to South Boston, then this, the younger child, was sent out to do the same, and supply this indolent family with food and money, and she will no doubt soon be with her sister at South Boston. Now, if this child could get no cold victuals, nor receive anything at houses on her applying, would she go out? And, if she returned home day after day with an empty basket and no money, would these parents send her begging? We answer, without hesitation, *no*. Who, then, is encouraging that child, and these parents to continue in this evil habit?"

We can only say, in conclusion, that this Society has our warmest sympathy; and we trust that this address will be widely circulated, as we consider the facts which it embodies of the deepest import, in regard to one of the most difficult subjects which has engaged, at any time, the attention of the statesman, or the political economist.

The Women of England: their Social Duties, and Domestic Habits. By MRS. ELLIS, (late Sarah Stickney,) author of the *Poetry of Life*, etc. New York, 1839. — If the number of books, recently put forth upon the sphere and duties of woman, be a fair criterion of female improvement, then surely the women of our day are singularly in advance of their ancestors. At least, we may regard the number of such books as a token of the increasing interest felt in female education, and may justly hope, that a sense of the need of improvement will soon bring the improvements that are needed.

This work is not, what we supposed from the title, a description of English Women, but is rather a statement of what they should be. It is the chief aim of the book to honor and recommend the domestic virtues,—to exhibit woman, as the joy of the family, the angel by the bed of sickness, the light of the social circle, the exemplar of those kindly affections and refined sensibilities, of which Providence has made her so peculiarly capable. Herein, Mrs. Ellis makes decided war with two classes of pretended reformers.

First, with those champions of fashion and elegance, who have led the girls of our day to despise the good old ways of their

grandmothers, — to look upon all domestic labor as degrading ; to ape the Parisian lady in dress, to fritter away their time in follies, and to think very little of a solid and useful English education, if so be they can get a smattering of French and Italian, play on the piano, waltz, &c. Mrs. Ellis mourns, that the daughters of England are becoming so Frenchified. She says, “ the grand error of the women of the day seems to be, that of calling themselves *ladies*, when it ought to be their ambition to be *women*.”

“ Amongst the changes introduced by modern taste, it is not the least striking, that all the daughters of trades-people, when sent to school, are no longer girls, but young ladies. The linen draper, whose worthy consort occupies her post behind the counter, receives her child from Mrs. Montague’s establishment, — a young lady. At the same elegant and expensive seminary, music and Italian are taught to Hannah Smith, whose father deals in Yarmouth herrings ; and there is the butcher’s daughter, too, perhaps the most lady-like of them all. The manners of these young ladies naturally take their tone and character from the ridiculous assumptions of modern refinement. The butcher’s daughter is seized with nausea at the spectacle of raw meat, — Hannah Smith is incapable of existing within the atmosphere of her father’s house, &c. &c.

“ What a catalogue of miseries might be made out, as the consequence of this mistaken ambition of the women of England to be fine ladies ! Gentlewomen they may be, and refined women too ; for when did either gentleness or true refinement disqualify a woman for her proper duties ? But that assumption of delicacy, which unfits them for the real business of life, is more to be dreaded in its fatal influence upon their happiness, than the most agonizing disease, with which they could be afflicted.”

How far these remarks may apply to American women, the reader may judge. Is it not true, that French manners are making their way in our land, and moulding large numbers of the rising generation into characters, which, while they ape Parisian style, go just far enough to lose their true American worth, without gaining really the dearly cherished foreign graces ?

But we must not forget the other class of pretended reformers, against whom Mrs. Ellis wars, — the *masculine* school of female education, — those who deem the *feminine* character despicable, and would tempt woman to vie with the ruder sex in the manly arts of life, and who regard the pulpit and the senate-hall as the noblest sphere of female action. It is not necessary to be very vehement in denouncing these, for they so war with natural proprieties, as to find condemnation enough in offended public taste.

The book is written to the middling class of English women, those who are exempt from grinding poverty, and overgrown wealth. This class comprehends the great body of our country-women, and they may find much to aid them in "The Women of England." The chapters on Conversation we would especially commend to their notice.

We here take leave of Mrs. Ellis, thanking her for this best work of the day upon a hacknied subject, rejoicing to see such a vindication of domestic virtue, by the author of the *Poetry of Life*, and owning in the fact a sign of those better days, when poetry shall be looked upon, not as a will-o'-the-wisp, to beguile people into mischief, but as the cheerful ray, that lights and beautifies daily life.

Address and Poem, delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, at the Celebration of the Eighteenth Anniversary. Sept. 13, 1838. — This Address was given before an institution of young men engaged in commercial pursuits. The object of their union is to promote mental improvement, by means of a library and instructive lectures. Such associations, when well conducted, must be the means of great good. They kindle a desire for knowledge among those engaged in active business. The Address, by Governor Everett, is another proof of his peculiar power. The Poem, by James T. Field, is superior to most productions, given on similar occasions. In its short compass, it shows much wit and pathos. The transparency of its diction, and the purity of its sentiment, stamp it as the production of a gifted mind.

Extracts might be given, to show the varied powers of the writer. We would congratulate him on the success of this, his first public attempt.

It is pleasing to see those, who are occupied in business, keeping fresh within them a love for the true and the beautiful, and thus showing to those around, that it is not incompatible with close application to the active duties of life, to cultivate a refined taste, and a love of letters.

Fireside Education. By the author of *Peter Parley's Tales*. 12mo. pp. 396. — This is an excellent book. We have read it with pleasure and profit, and we heartily recommend it. It is written with the author's characteristic plainness, but yet in a manner to make it generally interesting. The necessary abstractions of a treatise upon intellectual and moral education are

enlivened by stories, anecdotes, allegories, and quotations, which, while they illustrate the matter in hand, and give it point, lead the reader agreeably on his way, and allow him not to lay the book down till he has finished it. A spirit of religion, humanity, and genuine catholicism, worthy of all honor, breathes through the whole.

The Poetry of Travelling in the United States. By CAROLINE GILMAN. *With Additional Sketches*, by A FEW FRIENDS; and *a Week among Autographs*, by Rev. S. GILMAN. New York: S. Colman. 12mo. pp. 430. 1838. — It is now too late to do anything more than record our hearty concurrence in the favorable opinion which the public have pronounced on this pleasing and valuable contribution to the lighter reading of the day. Portions of it first saw the light in the *Southern Rose*, a monthly publication, edited at Charleston, S. C., by the accomplished author of this volume, of which we have long been seeking for an opportunity to say a good word. The *Week among the Autographs* is, perhaps, the most entertaining part of this agreeable *melange*, and contains information, which will surprise and amuse the generality of readers.

The Private Journal of Aaron Burr, during his Residence of four Years in Europe; with Selections from his Correspondence. Edited by MATTHEW L. DAVIS, author of "Memoirs of Aaron Burr," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1838. In two volumes, 8vo. — Aaron Burr was a man of talent; but unprincipled. He was one of the most remarkable examples, which this or any country has exhibited, of the perversion of great gifts, and the judgment of God on that perversion. As Mr. Davis has already given us his *Life*, and followed it by this journal, in two volumes, we hope that he has now done with him. We cannot say that we have given the books a complete reading; but from what we have seen of them, we desire to see no more. We are satisfied, and we cry enough. And we hope that those suppressed passages, which Mr. Davis talks of, have been, or will be, given to the flames.

New Works recently published in Germany. — We see that Messrs. Brockhaus & Avenarius, the enterprising publishers of the *Conversations Lexicon*, so popular in all lands, have com-

menced a continuation of that work, with the title *Conversations-Lexicon*, "der gegenwart" (of the present time.) The fifth volume was published in the latter part of 1838. The valuable *Encyclopedia* of Ersch and Gruber is advancing rapidly, and will form, when completed, the most valuable *Encyclopedia* ever published.

The subject of temperance appears to interest our beer-drinking brethren pretty deeply, if we may judge from the number of books they publish relating to it. They have their cold-water almanacs, temperance journals, and accounts of the progress of temperance in North America. Then, — since everything must have a history, — there appear "Contributions to a History of Temperance Societies;" next, a *History of Temperance Societies* themselves, by M. Baird, making a thick octavo volume. And, finally, there is a "Continuation" of this latter work, by another hand. Besides, there is a *Temperance Conversations-Lexicon*, and *Hand-book*. — Strauss's *Life of Jesus* still excites considerable interest, and calls forth numerous replies. Strauss's opinions are briefly as follows. There are fictions and mythical stories in the Gospels, which cannot be separated from the true history, if there is any true history at the foundation of them; therefore, no reliance is to be placed upon "historical Christianity," though the essential doctrines of the Christian religion are true as ever. Among the most remarkable replies recently published, are the following: — Theile zur *Biographie Jesu*. Ullmann *Historisch oder Mythisch*. Weisse (a follower of Hegel in Philosophy) *die evangelisch-Geschichte kritisch und philosophisch bearbeitet*. 2 vol. 8vo. Schaller, *der Historische Christus und die philosophische Kritik*, &c. Dr. Strauss's work has reached a third edition, (2, 8,) and he has published also a volume of replies to the attacks made upon him. Besides this, he has written a treatise on the Permanent and the Transitory in Christianity, in a periodical called "der Freihafen."

M. Salvador, an apostate and atheistical Jew, author of a work called *Histoire des Institutions de Moïse*, has published a work upon Christianity and its founder, under the title *Jesus Christus et sa doctrine*.

Several important works are now in the course of republication, &c. There are two editions of Kant's collected works; the best one is edited by Rosenkrantz. There are likewise two editions of Winkelmann's works now in the press. One comprises all his writings in a single volume, royal octavo, with sixty engravings. The other is in several quarto volumes. The second volume of Schleiermacher's collected works has been published, and the first was expected in the spring of the current year.

W. Von Humbolt's collected works have appeared in 6 vols. 8vo.

Several "Libraries" (Bibliotheken) are in the course of publication. One containing a translation of all the Greek Prose writers, another of the Latin Prose writers; others comprise the Poets of these two nations. Besides these there is a new Library of the Greek and Latin writers in their original tongues, accompanied with notices, &c. Lommatz has proceeded as far as the eighth volume of his new edition of Origen, in 12mo. All the German Poets of the seventeenth century are to be comprised in another Bibliothek. An undertaking still more stupendous has been commenced, viz. a Library of the collected literature of the German nation, (Bibliothek der Gesammten Deutschen National Literatur,) from the most ancient times to the present day. There is also a new edition of Luther's works, and a collection of the writings of the Reformers, (Corpus Reformatorum.) The last is edited by Dr. Bretschneider, and the fifth volume, containing the works of Melancthon, has just appeared.

Animal Magnetism is not forgotten in Germany. The *Seherin Von Prevorst*, edited by Justinus Kerner, — a poet and a physician, — has reached a third edition. The same writer has published two other works on the same subject, viz. *Eine Erscheinung aus dem Nachtgebiete der Natur*, (a phenomenon out of the night-department of Nature,) and *Nachricht von dem Vorkommen des Besessenseins*.

A sort of *furor divinus* seems to possess the translators of Germany, — who form a kind of third estate, between the writers and the readers. Not only do we see translations of all the works of Scott, Southey, and Byron, but of *all* the popular French and English writers. All the works of Bulwer, Capt. Marryatt, Mrs. Jameson, and the recent publications of Miss Martineau are presented to the German public in a proper Teutonic garb. There is also a translation of "The Bridgewater Treatises;" of the "Pickwick Papers," and "Oliver Twist;" and even the numbers of Nicholas Nickleby are done into German as fast as they appear. The productions of our own writers are by no means omitted. We notice translations of the writings of Irving and Cooper, an article by Prof. Silliman on the Scripture account of the deluge, and Dr. Warren's work on Tumors. All the works of Dr. Franklin, (5 vols. 8vo.) have been done into German. Translations also are advertised of Mr. Prescott's *History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, and of a selection from the Papers of General Washington. The latter is edited by M. Von Raumer.

G. Franz intends to publish a catalogue of Italian works. One number has appeared of a series of yearly catalogues of the French Literature. It is similar to Heinrich's catalogue of German Literature, as published by Brockhaus.

Lecture on War. By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Boston : Dutton & Wentworth. 1839. 8vo. pp. 50. — The praise must be accorded to Dr. Channing of early and persevering fidelity to the cause of Peace. Others of the distinguished divines of the age have spoken out the strong sentiment of Christianity concerning it, in a single discourse ; but he has reiterated his expression in various forms and on different occasions. Robert Hall, Chalmers, and Fox, the three remarkable names in the modern British pulpit, have each done worthily of their great powers and the great theme, once ; Dr. Channing thrice. As long ago as the year 1816, when appointed to preach the annual sermon before the "Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers," he boldly stepped aside from the established routine of expected topics, and pleaded with that large body of the servants of Christ the opposition of their Master's spirit to the spirit of military glory, entreating them to unite in helping his truth to triumph over that terrible evil. When, years afterwards, the controversy with France threatened for a time to end in bloodshed, he raised his voice again in remonstrance, and published his second Sermon. When the American Peace Society, eighteen months since, established a course of Lectures in Boston, with a view to rousing the attention of the public mind to a sense of the importance of this subject, he heartily joined in the plan, and at the expense of no little personal inconvenience delivered the Lecture which is now before us ; and which has been published at this time, accompanied with a suitable Preface, because the recent apprehensions of a conflict with England have brought out fresh and sad proofs "of the insensibility of the mass of the community to the crimes and miseries of war, and a general want of Christian and philanthropic views of the subject." We are glad to see it in print ; and we think that there were other lectures delivered in the course which might well be brought before the public. This one, certainly, ought not to have been kept from perusal ; it is excellently adapted to make the right impression, and, in connexion with the former two, may be the means of opening many minds to the truth on this subject, which might else continue to slumber over it in stupid apathy.

This apathy, this lethargic indifference, is the great impediment against which this all-important subject has to contend. Till the

people wake up it is in vain to speak to them, and it is a most difficult task to invent the means of awakening them. A course of Lectures on almost any other subject, given gratis at the Odeon, would have attracted an assembly that should crowd the house; but the course on Peace was delivered to a comparatively thin assembly. During the discussion of the boundary question in February last, the Massachusetts Peace Society held two meetings in the Marlborough Chapel, at which eloquent and profound addresses were delivered; but not a large number of persons were collected to hear them; a large proportion of those present exhibited very little interest in the expression of the true peace principles; they even hissed some most eloquent and righteous assertions of Christian duty, while they applauded some clamorous declamation addressed to the spirit of vulgar patriotism; and the newspaper press, with but two or three exceptions, passed the whole proceeding without notice.

These, and a thousand other indications of a state of universal indifference, make us rejoice in the publication of this Lecture; we feel that we ought to call urgent attention to it, and entreat the friends of Peace to give it circulation. Its whole doctrine is lofty and impressive. It is that the evil of War is its wickedness and the crimes it engenders; and that it is to be removed only by the power of that religion which is to destroy all crime. Hence it is vain to trust to the temporary palliatives of political expediency, or commercial interest, whose superficial and selfish operations may excite to battle at one time as well as restrain from it at another. These points are illustrated with great force. The exposition of this general doctrine is followed by some considerations of the causes of the prevalent indifference to the subject. Another interesting portion of the discourse discusses the right of government to make war, and the limitations of the subject's duty to obey;—in the course of which occur some searching remarks on the character of political action, especially in our own country, which the thoughtful patriot must assent to, though with a sense of profound mortification and shame.

We break off abruptly; once more expressing an earnest wish that the friends of peace would give circulation to the seasonable word.

The Atonement: A Charge to the Clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Pennsylvania, May 16th, 1838. By the Right Rev. Henry H. Underdonk, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. — We cannot discover in this Discourse enough

either of originality or heresy, to give it the importance which seems to have been ascribed to it. It is little more than one of the countless and fruitless attempts to give a reasonable aspect to the Calvinistic doctrine of Atonement. Its peculiarity is that it makes the atonement to be "addressed to the holiness of God," and not to his justice, the more common view. How it can be said to be "addressed" to either of these attributes, how such attributes can be separated and especially opposed, or what light is thus thrown upon the subject, we are ignorant. The discourse does not enlighten our ignorance. It clearly rejects the old doctrine of strict debt, exaction, ransom, equivalent, substitution, and the like; — it evidently designs to frame something less repugnant to reason, common justice, and common sense. So far we welcome and commend it. But it still retains virtually the fatal error, that the atonement was designed to relieve God, rather than man. Some expedient, some sacrifice, some infinite suffering, was necessary to enable God to forgive even the penitent child and the obedient subject!

Speech of the Hon. HENRY CLAY, in the Senate of the United States, on the subject of Abolition Petitions, February 7, 1839. 12mo. pp. 42. — *Remarks on the Slavery Question, in a Letter to Jonathan Phillips, Esq.* By W. E. CHANNING. 12mo. pp. 72. Both published by James Munroe & Co. Boston. 1839. — These two pamphlets mark one step in the progress of this great discussion. The distinguished Statesman, in his high official place, sets forth the claims of Slavery to be perpetuated, without interference or end, in the Republic of the Free; and the friends of that doctrine celebrate his effort as eloquent and unanswerable. The distinguished Divine, in his private place of citizenship and philanthropy, rebuts that monstrous claim, and shows that the politician has argued weakly in a criminal cause. The friends of human right and their country's honor can ask nothing better than that the "Speech" and the "Remarks" should be circulated everywhere in company, and read together. The lists are fairly opened; the combatants are noble and earnest men, who have both deserved well of their country; let them have the unprejudiced ear of their countrymen, and the mighty truth cannot fail to be advanced.